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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Five Years

WITH the current issue the *Saturday Review* rounds out the first lustrum of its existence. Five years, of course, is too brief a period in the life of a periodical, as in that of an individual, to call forth particular notice; celebrations rarely begin short of decennials. But brief as five years are, they have been long enough to see significant changes in publishing, in literature, and in the mood and temper of the public towards its reading matter.

Five years ago, when the *Saturday Review* was enjoying the offices and good offices of *Time* in what had once been a brewery, and producing its first number at an establishment that boasted a single printing press and borrowed the facilities of a neighboring organization if that machine broke down, there were no such publishers as the Viking Press, Greenberg, A. & C. Boni, Covici-Friede, Macy Masius, Payson & Clarke, Minton, Balch, the Dial Press, William Morrow, Ray D. Henkle, Ives Washburn, J. H. Sears, W. W. Norton, John Day, Coward-McCann, Cape-Smith, Farrar & Rinehart, or Elliot Holt in existence. Harcourt, Brace & Company was just completing its fifth year, and Simon & Schuster was sowing the land with cross word puzzles. The merger by which Doubleday, Page and George H. Doran were to usher publishing into the path blazed by big business lay in the future. Children's Book Week was as yet being nursed rather than paraded, and juvenile literature remained the stepchild of publishing. The "younger generation" was not yet old enough to be superseded by another, and was still sufficiently youthful to be wholeheartedly aghast at civilization. Thomas Hardy, Anatole France, and Amy Lowell were still living, and the Book Clubs had not yet been born. The war was a subject tabu for fiction, and enthusiasm for the detective story was only beginning to become the hallmark of culture. It still remained for Boston to bar "Candide" from distribution, and censorship bills were able to provide a sensation at Albany. The Pulitzer Prize was as yet unscorned of Sinclair Lewis, and the *Publishers' Weekly* was listing several hundred fewer books than it is today. No one had discovered that gentlemen prefer blondes, and gunmen hadn't come into fashion. Joan Lowell was valiantly sailing the seas, and Lowell Thomas was about to introduce Lawrence of Arabia.

* * *

And now, five short years later, what have we come to? The books that are making the greatest stir for the moment are the romances in which the War is depicted with candid acceptance of its futility, and moreover, those in which its incidents are set forth from the point of view of the Germans. The novel of revolt against the conditions of American civilization has shed its savagery of disappointment, and sobered into a more reasoned portrayal of society. The historical romance, and the costume story, are constantly growing in favor, while biography is pressing fiction hard for first place in popular interest. There is a constantly growing concern with every phase of history, and books of travel, especially books of travel in European lands, have returned to a multiplicity which has not been normal since the beginning of the War. Never before has there been a time when books for children were so numerous, so carefully chosen, so well made, and so intelligently marketed. Indeed, the growth of interest in juvenile literature is one of the most outstanding incidents of the past few years, and the emphasis laid by publishing houses on their juvenile departments one of their most marked developments. The period, too, has seen new emphasis laid on typography and illustration in books for the adult as well as for the child, and a great multiplication of the number of reasonably priced editions of standard, or hitherto neglected, works. Hardly a publishing house of size exists today but has some "library" of science, or *belles lettres*, or biography, or history, or fiction.

But the most far-reaching innovation to have been inaugurated during the span of existence of the *Saturday Review* is the radical departure from old-esablished methods of book distribution represented by the Book Clubs. Lusty enterprises, the Book-of-

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For E. W.

By LOLA RIDGE

SUCH fire as plays about a crystal's core
In gleams no eye may ever quite ensnare
And does not give out heat, nor minister
To any keening humor of our dust
But, born to lustre, shines because it must,
Was yours, O lovely and elect. You were
Custodian of that which shall not pass
To ash with the white bone. Your being was
Austerely woven about the eastward flame
That—knowing only but to be and burn,
Scorning all genial uses of the fire
That comforteth the heart and is made tame
To the chilly hand—but leapeth higher
Over the sinking ashes of its urn.

And now a light-ray, only time shall trace
For true dimension, brighter as your face
Recedes into the farther morning, and men
Re-shaping each unto his little measure—
Shall, spinning wild conjecture, turn again
To that which your unquiet sheath contained—
Searching its foiling radiance for one
Who, light-defended, shall not be constrained
To make another transit for their pleasure.

This Week

"Private Papers of James Boswell."
Reviewed by FREDERICK A. POTTLE.

"Annals of the New York Stage."
Reviewed by GEORGE PIERCE BAKER.

"Sarah Simon."
Reviewed by O. W. FIRKINS.

"The Life of Alcibiades."
Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER.

"Colour and Colour Theories."
Reviewed by HARRY HELSON.

"Chicago."
Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS.

"See How They Run."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"A Man Scans His Past."
Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER.

The Bowling Green
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"Wolsey."
Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN.

His Own Boswell

By FREDERICK A. POTTLE

SINCE 1921 the delighted world has been in possession of the full text of that colossal letter which, on July 9, 1764, James Boswell sent from Berlin to Isabella van Tuyll, a letter which Mr. Scott aptly characterizes as "the finest document of masculine complacency which has ever escaped the flames." But what went before the penning of that vast complacency we have hitherto had to reconstruct from widely scattered hints in the letters of Boswell and his correspondent. It was expected that Colonel Isham's hoard would yield up something to the point, and it has: "a dossier of papers, wrapped in a folder upon which Boswell has written in a large hand the word 'Zélide.'" For Isabella was an admirer of French modes, wrote French as well as Voltaire, and had chosen for herself a French literary name which Boswell always employed in writing to her or speaking of her.

Boswell met Zélide at Utrecht in the autumn of 1763, and the two soon drifted into a friendship which was more like a duel. Each seems to have wished to believe that the other was torn with the pangs of unrequited love. Zélide's attitude was one of amused affection, Boswell's of unwilling fascination. He was shocked and perplexed by the superior strength of Zélide's mind, by her irony and skepticism. But at the time all well-born *maidens* roused matrimonial speculations in his breast, and by April of 1764 he was casting Zélide in the rôle of Mrs. Boswell, but was sure she would not do. On June 14 he drove out to Zuylen to say goodbye; he was off to tour the German courts. Zélide, bored by the monotony and primness of Zuylen, saw "one more of her few human amusements on the point of vanishing." She had always found Boswell, as she told him, "odd but lovable"; now, as he was leaving her, he seemed more lovable than odd. After he had gone she wrote him a long letter. He had evidently been teasing her to find out whether she were in love with him or not. She tells him that in a way she is: she has been thinking of him tenderly for three or four days, but it is because she can see so plainly that he is in love with her. She is affected by his departure, she has a higher regard for him than for any one else. Will not that do? Three days later Boswell unexpectedly returned for further adieux, and Zélide, with some misgivings, handed him the letter which she had intended him to read at a safe distance from Zuylen. She talked wildly and wickedly, but Boswell was sure that he had her heart. "She gave me her hand at parting, and the tender tear stood chrystal in her eye. Poor Zélide!"

* * *

But he read her letter, and was cooled by the assumption that it was he who was in need of pity. At once he dispatched a firm disavowal: "My sincerity, or perhaps my extreme simplicity, prevents my leaving Utrecht without frankly enlightening you on this subject. . . . I admire your mind. I love your Goodness. But I am not in love with you. I swear to you that I am not." Zélide replies, "So much the better, my friend." What she had written was true enough on Thursday morning, when she wrote it, but by Sunday, when she gave him the letter, it was no longer true, but she had given it to him just the same, because "with Mr. Boswell

* PRIVATE PAPERS OF JAMES BOSWELL FROM MALAHIDE CASTLE, in the Collection of Lt. Colonel Ralph Heyward Isham. Prepared for the Press by GEOFFREY SCOTT, and now first printed. Vols. II and V. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1929.

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there is no need of prudence." Boswell departed to tour the German courts.

On July 9 he wrote her the great letter, fortunately in English, though nearly all the correspondence in these volumes is in French. He scolds her for her religious views, lectures her on her "libertine sentiments," assures her that her reason is not so distinguished as she thinks it is, reminds her of the emotion she had shown on the day he left her, and swears that he would not be married to her to be a king. But he asks strange questions for a man firm in that determination. "Could you live quietly in the country six months in the year? . . . Could you pass the other six in a city where there is very good society, tho' not in the high mode?" In short, Barkis is willin' if only Peggotty will make the proper submission.

There was no answer. At intervals of months Boswell sends other letters after it, insisting that she loves him and he knows it; why will she not write? The answer comes. "Tell me," he had begged, "that I am the severe Cato." She does: "I was shocked and saddened to find, in a friend whom I thought to be a young and sensible man, the puerile vanity of a coxcomb joined to the arrogant strictness of an old Cato."

Before he received this scorching epistle, Boswell had completed his tour of the German courts, had visited Rousseau and Voltaire, and had gone down into Italy. He was not giving much thought to Zélide. Mr. Scott, in his usual accomplished style, thus describes his frame of mind.

> Boswell was . . . more than ordinarily affected by the changing scenes of continental life, and prepared himself for each with eagerness and solemn trepidation. He was pedantic in Holland, princely in Germany, philosophic in Switzerland, and amorous in Italy. . . . He had modelled himself on the learned Gronovius and identified his character with that of the heraldic Margrave; and by the time he has attuned himself to the idealism of Rousseau, he is already wondering about his duty to himself in Italy. We find him, in fact, at Môtiers consulting that philosopher upon his inclination "to follow the example of the old Patriarchs, worthy men whose memory I hold in respect. . . . When I get to France and Italy, may I not indulge in ıllantries usual to those countries?"

, on January 6, 1765, after having heard mass at four in the morning, Boswell, "with mingled feelings of awe and adulterous anticipation," was carried over Mont Cenis, and on the next day arrived in Turin. Whatever Rousseau told him, he had decided that his education demanded an intrigue with an Italian countess. But he had planned on staying only a week in Turin. The thrifty schemes which he promptly set in operation have left an amazingly confused and complicated group of letters, but the patient detective ingenuity of Mr. Scott has triumphed. It is certainly established that Boswell opened fire on three countesses almost simultaneously. He had a letter of recommendation to the Comtesse de St. Gilles, which he promptly presented, and the next day decided that it would be a pity to waste so good a start. She had turned fifty, but, he says, "as I had resolved to stay very little time here, I thought an oldish Lady most proper, as I should have an easy attack." He made open advances "which she took very graciously," but, unfortunately for his success with Mme. de St. Gilles, he was that day introduced to a younger and more beautiful countess, Mme. Burgaretta, with whom he fell "madly in love." He turned to this new charmer, but prudently decided to keep up his assault on Mme. de St. Gilles in the hope "to take her *en passant*." For three days he pursued the beautiful Burgaretta, and appears to have made an impression, but his behavior in public was too assured, and the Countess found it necessary to put an end to his hopes. He returned with more ardor to Mme. de St. Gilles, but she had detected his passion for her rival and took a cruel revenge by telling him how foolish he looked to the gay world of Turin. He is, she says, more than a little mad. He thinks he is clever, but if he attempts the profession of gallantry he will be terribly fooled. "*Car vous ne conoissez pas le monde.*" Nothing could have hurt Boswell more, but he had to admit that there was truth in it. "Altho' my former Love Adventures," he writes in his journal, "are proof enough that it is not impossible for me to succeed with the Ladies, yet this abominable Woman spoke very true upon the whole. I have too much warmth ever to have the cunning necessary for a general commerce with the corrupted human Race."

Mme. de St. Gilles and Mme. Burgaretta had eluded him, and his week was up, but he resolved to make one more attempt. On January 17 he was presented to Mme. Skarnavis, whom he "had eyed some time." She had a very bad reputation, but under the circumstances he could not afford to be too fastidious. On January 19 he "fairly told her his love," and on January 21 he wrote her a long letter "intreating her pity and all that." The saving phrase is one of the evidences (alas, too few!) in these documents that Boswell knew how ridiculous he was in the rôle of Don Juan. Mme. Skarnavis replied at the Opera by word of mouth, replied with brutal and final directness. Next day, as he was leaving Turin, Boswell sent to her begging for his letter.

> She bid the valet say she had thrown it in the fire. Here was the extreme of mortification for me. I was quite sunk. . . . As I went out at one of the ports, I saw a crowd running to the execution of a thief. I jumped out of my chaise, and went close to the gallows. . . . I stood fixed in attention to this spectacle, thinking that the feelings of horror might destroy those of chagrin. . . . I then went ino a Church and kneeled with great devotion before an Altar splendidly lighted up. Here I felt three successive scenes: raging love—gloomy horror—grand devotion.

Countesses come and go, but the termagant virgin of Zuylen weaves in and out of the record, not to be finally dismissed for some years yet. Her letter with the blasting sentence about Cato probably reached Boswell when he was in the south of Italy. With his usual candor, he seems to have forgiven her and to have written a long letter in reply promising in the future not to say or believe that she is in love with him. But he also wrote (though he probably did not send it) a postscript in which he says that he "is ready to make her a recital which will surprise her." Mr. Scott thinks he meant a proposal of marriage, which, in view of the mixed sentiments of the letter from Berlin, is by no means incredible.

He had not yet given up hopes of an education in Continental gallantry. In August, 1765, we find him at Siena writing impassioned appeals for pity to a noble lady by the name of Porzia Sansedoni. His first letter to her is a fine example of literary thrift, the opening sentences of it being copied from the draft of the unlucky epistle to Mme. Skarnavis. We have *O Chère, Chère objet de mon Amour, vœux, Dieux*, and *Passion* all over again. But the circumstances this time are more interesting. Porzia, it appears, is the mistress of his young friend Lord Mountstuart, son of Great Britain's late Prime Minister. Mr. Scott is a discouraging writer to follow; he paralyzes one so by the brilliancy of his style that no recourse remains save quotation. "[Boswell] pleads his suit," he says, "with fantastic casuistry, conceiving that nothing could be more idyllic than a *ménage à trois*, and that Porzia could find no subtler expression of her feeling for Mountstuart than by, so to say, confusing him with his *alter ego*." It was all in vain. After many burning French epistles, Boswell was finally obliged to withdraw, to derive such solace as he could from the thought that "although he was not victorious, he could at least boast of having made a brave attack."

But this frigid Porzia cannot be the "Italian angel" of Siena concerning whom Boswell later speaks with so much ardor? No, there is another lady, a lady with the lovely name of Moma Tai, evidently a lady of good family. There are no despairing letters to her, for there was no need of them. She fell deeply in love with the handsome young traveler and made no resistance. "I am willing to give myself to you," she said, "even if I have to give up everybody else." He left her shortly, as she knew he would. At their parting she entreated him to return. "But you was reserved (says Boswell, talking to himself in his journal, as was his wont). She shed tears without affectation and promised fidelity. . . . You was like Spanish Cavalier, and promised eternal friendship." He records a little of what she said: "Lei va accrescendo la vostra felicità; ma mi lascia qui, sempre pejo, perchè dopo qualche anno sarà passata la mia gioventù, e sono qui fra gente indifferente." The very words which Byron gives to Donna Julia in her letter to Don Juan:

> Men have all these resources, we but one,
> To love again, and be again undone.
>
> You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
> Beloved and loving many; all is o'er
> For me on earth, except some years to hide
> My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core.

Sorrow, certainly, for two years later Moma Tai was still writing to Boswell letters which made him cry "with the warmth of Italian affection." "Indeed," concludes Mr. Scott, "with the single exception of the unfortunate Peggie Montgomerie, who married him, Monina is the only woman who (even now, in the light of his letters and diaries) is proved to have lost her heart to Boswell."

When he was able to tear himself away from "the charms of sweet Siena," Boswell rushed to Corsica, and added to pedantry, princeliness, philosophy, and amorousness a new and most successful chapter entitled revolutionary patriotism. On the first of December, 1765, he was back in Genoa, whence he hurried to Paris. There he sat down and wrote a letter of twenty-six quarto pages, not to Mme. de St. Gilles, nor to Mme Burgaretta, nor to Mme. Skarnavis, nor to Porzia Sansedonia, nor even (alas!) to poor Moma Tai. He wrote to Mynheer van Tuyll, Zélide's father, and made a formal proposal for his daughter's hand. He does not pretend to be an infatuated lover, but he is willing to leave it all to Zélide's inclination and van Tyull's superior wisdom. If van Tuyll can give him certain assurance that Zélide will not wound him by meeting his proposals with scorn, if, moreover, Zélide will take a solemn oath, in the presence of her father and brothers, always to remain faithful, never to publish or cause to be acted any of her literary compositions, and never to speak against established religion, then he is eager to be joined to her in wedlock, though, he says, "the thought of marriage affects me with fear." "If . . . I may no longer indulge the thought of our marriage," he concludes, "I beg you to return me this letter. If you are of opinion that the alliance might be brought about, keep the letter, and, when I pay my visit, you will give it to me or allow me to take a copy of it; for I shall always be curious to recall how I expressed myself in an affair of this consequence." Though he missed the lady, he was saved the tedious labor of copying his masterpiece. For Zélide's father followed his instructions literally and sent the letter back.

Drama in New York

ANNALS OF THE NEW YORK STAGE. By George C. D. Odell. Vols. III and IV (1821-43). New York: Columbia University Press. 1929.

Reviewed by George Pierce Baker
Yale University

THE two new volumes of Professor Odell's history of the New York stage are very interesting. In volume III, for instance, we watch the first visit of Macready to this country, the coming of Charles Kemble and his daughter Fanny, and the rise of Edwin Forrest; in volume IV, the visits of Mme. Celeste, Mme. Vestris, the younger Charles Kean, and the coming into high reputation of Charlotte Cushman. Though Professor Odell does not emphasize the idea, or even comment on it, these books make clear that till the second half of the nineteenth century our stage was largely dependent on English trained actors to set the best standards. Gradually only Jefferson, Charlotte Cushman, and others proved that we could depend on our own actors for the best. For long, approval in England meant to the actors on our stage what foreign approbation has, till very recently, meant to our singers.

Very properly, Professor Odell dedicates his third volume to Robert Gould Shaw, curator and chief founder of the extraordinary Theatre Collection in the Widener Library of Harvard University—properly because one wonders where in this country Professor Odell could have found a very large part of his illustrations of actors, actresses, and theatres, had not Mr. Shaw's wide theatrical interests, his wise yet meticulous gathering of material, made the Theatre Collection the marvel it is.

The qualities noted in the first two volumes continue: the extremly broad use of "theatre" to cover almost every kind of entertainment—concerts, opera, museums, even circuses; the use of practically all accessible sources of information; the amazing ability to assort and properly emphasize the bewildering mass of material; and the highly personal style. Compare these four volumes with Ireland's two of similar title, or with John Genest's "English Stage," and a reader feels at once the curiously fine quality of these pages. Here is no mere pigeon-holing of facts, mere unimaginative, if otherwise admirable listing of happenings. Professor Odell writes as if all this crowd of actors and actresses were personal acquaintances. He has his likes and dislikes, and

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does not attempt to conceal them—how these infant prodigies like Master Burke and Jean Davenport annoy him! He writes gossipingly, vividly, always mindful that the theatre was but a part of the social life of the time, ready to quote Philip Hone's diary or any other material which will place the actors or theatres more clearly in their period. He makes you see that if Fanny Kemble seemed harsh to Americans of her day in her judgment of the country, it was but tit for tat. Philip Hone, after meeting Ellen Tree socially, wrote as superciliously as Fanny Kemble at her worst that he found the actress "intelligent, modest, and agreeable, and wholly uncontaminated by her profession."

Out from these volumes comes much that is characteristic not simply of the theatres but of the time itself. Obviously, conduct in the theatres was far more Elizabethan than now. Audiences, disgruntled at this or that, refused to let actors or actresses in disfavor have a hearing, and frequently even fell to rioting. And how our fathers did love melodrama in the 'thirties and 'forties. These volumes make clear that the new drama of the day in which authors like Montgomery Bird were testing themselves was either spectacular secondary romantic plays or melodrama so pure as to seem today almost burlesque.

Professor Odell does not readily accept traditional statements as to his period. Instead, he examines all the available contemporary criticism. Often he thus readjusts estimates, showing that a later day has imagined rather than reported accurately. And what good criticism he finds for us in the press of the time. Listen to this admirable comparison of the acting of Placide and Reeve.

> Placide is a sterling representative of the oldest and best school of English comedy—Reeve is the personification of the manners of the day which characterize the very lowest orders of society. Placide's range of parts is diversified and of great extent, embracing every class of society, from the gentleman to the ploughboy, from the English nobleman to the French perruquier, from the pompous chamberlain to the drunken gardener—and wherever the emotions of the mind, and modifications of the passions are in question, he is their interpreter; Reeve's range of parts is very limited in its kind, although it comprises the delineation of the outward and tangible features of the many individuals of that kind, from the beggar to the street-sweeper, from the parish-beadle to the shoeblack, from the low tapster to the tipsy scavenger. Placide always gives you his author, Reeve always gives you himself. Placide is the delineator of character, and Reeve of manner. Placide draws his inspiration from the heart, while Reeve only gives you the outward man, and catches merely the salient points of humour appearing on the surface. Placide correctly and touchingly portrays nature, Reeve burlesques it. Placide can draw tears as well as laughter, Reeve keeps his audience in an eternal broad grin. . . . Placide could not play Jack Ragg, Reeve would be supremely ridiculous in Lord Ogleby. . . . In short, Placide is a *comedian*, Reeve is a *buffoon*. Each is supreme in his own province, and, as far as we know anything of the stage, he has no competitor. . . . To judge Mr. Reeve fairly, one should see him often. . . . His figure admirably aids the expression of his features and motions; it is ponderous and burly, and seeing him what he is, his agility and graceful dancing, are surprising. He is a capital vocalist, and acts his songs, as well as sings them.
>
> —*The Mirror.*

As may be expected, Professor Odell finds something in his researches to make the stage innovators of today go slowly in their assertions that they are creating novelty. On June 11, 1836, *The Mirror* says of a performance of Miss Medina's "Rienzi": "The grand triumphal *entrée* into Rome, over the pit, and out through the centre boxes, has never before been attempted in this country, yet it was done with perfect ease." Professor Odell writes:

> here is the Winter Garden (Reinhardt, for that matter) runway, apparently eighty years or so before that runway flowered in the minds of Winter Garden directors. I can only repeat that I am amazed, as amazed as I was to learn of Benjamin Webster's use of curtains and screens in the mounting of "The Taming of the Shrew" at the London Haymarket, in 1844. Verily, youngsters who are daily making such wonderful discoveries in stage-craft should take a course in the history of the Theatre.

Is it fancy that toward the end of Volume IV, as he emerges triumphantly from the increasing detail of his work, Professor Odell sounds a little weary? If he is, let him take heart, for the readers who have admiringly and delightedly followed him thus far will surely exact from him a keeping of the seeming promise of his last words in Volume IV. "The reader, appalled by thought of the sandy tracts through which, at times, he has been reluctantly led, may be encouraged by glimpses of fair horizons in the near future. Within a decade or less he will be delightedly attending proformances by the great stock companies that exalted among us the names of Burton and Wallack." For these fair horizons, all lovers of the stage who have read these four volumes must eagerly wait.

A Woman in the Tropics

SARAH SIMON: Character Atlantean. By HERVEY ALLEN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1929.

Reviewed by O. W. FIRKINS

"SARAH SIMON" is enjoyable poetry. One signal advantage is that it offers us poetry without poeticism. Poetry ought to "fall out," to occur, to arise, less by anybody's will than as an incident to a poetical mind's honest and careful dealing with a given subject. Diligence, prevision, cannot be omitted. Labor must precede birth in bodily and mental things alike; but whether the result be boy or girl, be prose or poetry, should be left to the unbribed volition of the gods. In describing Mr. Allen's "Sarah Simon," I should begin by saying that it is a tale and a drawing; then I should add, "It is poetry." Had I said "verse" instead of "poetry," that would of course have been a condemnation.

Sarah is a real woman in a tropical island, an aged negress, more genuine than her Gauguinesque surroundings, more genuine than the trimmer and slim-

ZELIDE

From the drawing by La Tour in the St. Quentin Collection (now in the Louvre).

mer, half-caste and quarter-caste, descendants of her commerce with a Cornish seafarer, James Trevlock. Sarah is honest, and, in the main, honestly felt and drawn. She recalls Mrs. Peterkin's latest heroine, but Scarlet Sister Mary, though equaling Sarah in independence, is a more equivocal and meretricious figure. Mr. Allen, as has been hinted, likes narration for its own sake; he would be a horseman if he were not riding Pegasus. The right adjective for his poetry is not so much *high* or *sweet* or *flexible* as *sound*. He often gets the right word, and he handles this right word with an unpretending authority, a careless proprietorship, which marks the robust and unaffected writer.

Quotation, the only justice to a poet, is almost always more or less than just; let me cite, however, several detached lines: "Blowing through cedars from the open sea"; "Till the white morning poured in through the door"; "The waves down in the cove began to lisp"; "Outside the tireless fury bugled on"; "Scarlets that please the sun-filled tropic eyes"; "There stirred the silent wraiths of summer air"; "Thunder amid the thirsty hills, and rain"; "When pharos, camp, and theatre are still"; "When traceries of cellars mock the moon"; "The lazy smoke . . . drifted its hazy plume into the sky." I should add that there are regrettable moments—only moments—when the poet parts company from metre and from melody alike.

Mr. Allen has a bad preface that talks of "environment" and "characteristic" and "factors," and my chief quarrel with his poem is that he has not been able to keep this preface from prowling about in the neighborhood and peeping in here and there through the windows. Sarah not only evokes images in his mind; she awakens thoughts and criticisms of other people. He tends to cast her more or less into the mould of these criticisms; he even shares his own critical intelligence with Sarah. This is brotherly and openhanded, but Sarah is the kind of woman whom obligations disoblige. The perfect incident in the book, at once striking, sufficiently probable, and pregnantly symbolic, is Sarah's entrance into the little Christian church in "a scarlet gown, an Indian *palimpore*," with legends of the god Siva in its pattern. That is true and right; but when Sarah recognizes her own case in King Lear's, when she makes for herself a religion that might have found its credo or its canticle in "Tintern Abbey," we seem to see Mr. Allen in the part of missionary prompting a hopeful but unready convert.

A Spectacular Statesman

THE LIFE OF ALCIBIADES. By E. F. BENSON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929.

Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER
Yale University

ATHENS of the fifth century B. C. is an episode of human history of which the world is never likely to grow weary, and, as long as people care more for brilliance than for stability, Alcibiades is sure to be the most attractive figure in the latter half of that century. We are well informed as to his character and works, chiefly by Thucydides, who wrote as his contemporary, and by Plutarch, the professional biographer, to whom the fifth century was already ancient history. No one, perusing those two sources, could fail to have a vivid impression of Alcibiades, favorable or otherwise; but, of course, the readers of Thucydides and Plutarch are no longer common, and Mr. Benson has decided to publish a biography combining the evidence of antiquity with the inferences which he thinks may fairly be drawn from that evidence.

Now the first question that presents itself is "How far should such a biography be supplemented by imagination?" And this is a question of considerable importance. Alcibiades is exactly the kind of person whose mental processes one longs to know. He was a roué, a spendthrift, and a traitor, yet he exerted an almost magic fascination over his contemporaries. For these facts we have plenty of evidence, implicit or explicit; but for the actual emotional texture of his life we must rely largely on our imaginations, and their contributions are, of course, fiction.

Either the fact or the fiction might dominate: Mr. Benson has tried to hold the balance even, and the result is neither a good novel nor a good biography. It is not a good novel because the fiction is too scanty and generally too slight to add very much to what is contained in the historical sources or to create a character which is a true work of art. Moreover, the style is repetitious and hyperbolic and sometimes cheap. We are told half a dozen times that Alcibiades advised the fortification of Decelea; the superlatives in the language not sufficing, the word "supremest" is created, and "superbest" (!); and it is charitable to suppose that such a phrase as "the Bolshevist committee (the Council of Four Hundred!) must commit hari-kari" is due to haste of composition.

* * *

On the other hand, the effort to make the reconstructed personality of Alcibiades the focus of Greek history for the second half of the fifth century has led to serious distortion of the evidence. Something like justice is done to Nicias, but Lamachus, Demosthenes, Theramenes, and Thrasybulus receive the scantest attention; Antiphon and Clean are practically ignored. All this would be pardonable were it not for the repeated assertion that the history of Greece *is* the history of Alcibiades. Perhaps as a means of proving this (but surely an unsatisfactory proof) incidents external to his life are treated not only briefly but carelessly. The capture of Pylos is referred to, but never explained; we are never told what happened to Lamachus, Alcibiades's colleague on the Sicilian expedition—he simply disappears from the pages; no glimpse is given of the politics of Syracuse, so brilliantly illuminated by Thucydides.

And what is the purpose of all this concentration of the limelight? It is to prove that Alcibiades was not only a spectacular man, but a great one. That is a stand which reflection will not justify. What claim had he to greatness? We may dismiss him as a leader of troops: he is not known to have commanded in any first class engagement on land. His naval record begins in 410 and lasts for three years. In that time he won two battles, one of them, that at Cyzicus, being of great importance, and the fact that his opponent was a second class commander

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ought not to count against him. But it certainly does not put him in the class with Conon or Lysander, to say nothing of Themistocles. Still, he might have been a great strategist without necessarily being a great commander. The episodes on which we must judge him are, the Sicilian expedition, the fortification of Decelea, and the campaign in the Hellespont. The first is generally believed to have been his own scheme; Mr. Benson considers it a magnificent one. Setting aside the demonstrable fact that it was Lamachus's plan of campaign and not Alcibiades's that was the sound strategy, there remains the fact that he had neglected the elementary duty of informing himself about the country he was planning to conquer. With all his designs against Sicily, Italy, and Carthage, as a prelude to the domination of the whole Mediterranean, he had absolutely nothing but hopes to go on for the accomplishment of the first, essential step; the conquest of Syracuse. Such a man may be inspiring, but he is not a great strategist, not even a passable strategist. The fortification of Decelea, to which he urged the Spartans after his exile, was, indeed, a great blow to his native country, practically making Attica outside the walls uninhabitable. But it can hardly be credited to him as a great original idea, for he told the Spartans frankly that all Athens had been afraid of it ever since the war began. After his reconciliation with Athens, he conducted a campaign which resulted in opening the straits from the Black Sea to the Ægean. It was then that he won the battle of Cyzicus. He fortified several points on the Bosphorus and Hellespont and took four cities, one by surrender after a blockade, one by immediate surrender, and two by treachery. The result was that grain could come again from the Black Sea to the harbor at Athens, and, though there are some who feel that the benefits would have been more lasting if he had won back Eubœa and reduced Decelea, we may grant that he did excellent service, and cancel his Sicilian errors with something to spare. But when Mr. Benson says "No detractor could point to any patriot of whatever age who served his country with such unique and brilliant success" he can hardly expect to be taken seriously.

It is sometimes maintained that Alcibiades was a great diplomat, but the sad thing about all his diplomatic ventures was that they came to nothing. The alliance with Argos had no effect whatever, yet we are told that, considered in itself, it was a superb piece of statesmanship. This is strange language, for statesmen, of all people, are judged not by intentions but by results. The plan for a great alliance in Sicily and South Italy had borne no fruit at the time of his exile and, so far as our evidence goes, never would have borne any. He twice offered Athens the aid of Tissaphernes but never got it, and the treaty with Pharnabazus was checkmated by Cyrus. It may have been his misfortune that his plans miscarried, but a diplomat *all* of whose plans miscarry—!

Yet, if it be a legitimate claim to greatness, it may be admitted that he made great trouble for all concerned. Italy, Sicily, Greece, and Asia all had to thank him for an immense expenditure of blood and money. For he did control affairs. That fascinating, irrecoverable personality, seldom effective for real achievement, was very potent for evil, and, if his enemies feared him, to none did he work such ruin as to his native land. It is all very well to say that he was unjustly accused, to call him the King of Hate, and offer neurotic explanations for his services to Sparta, but the plain fact is that his treason was unpardonable, and particularly outrageous in a disciple of Socrates, that noblest of patriots. Alcibiades, so far as we can judge him, was as charming a man as ever lived, but there is more of the greatness of Greece in his contemporaries, the Maidens of the Erechtheum, than in his whole lurid career.

Five Years

(*Continued from page* 1187)

the-Month Club, the Literary Guild, and the other similar organizations that have followed in their wake, have made the last three years a period of lively controversies and interesting issues. They have accomplished much in a short time.

Five years more and who shall say what the *Saturday Review* may find in the world of literature? Perhaps by that time book clubs, publishers, and editors between them will have made books as popular as sporting extras. But then we shall have reached the millenium as well as our decennial.

A Theory of Color

COLOUR AND COLOUR THEORIES. By Dr. Christine Ladd-Franklin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by Harry Helson
Bryn Mawr College.

THE author of this book is, in the reviewer's opinion, one of the most remarkable women America has produced in the world of pure thought. While she may be best known for her theory of color, which forms the subject of this book, she has made contributions to logic and mathematics and is more than familiar with what is going on in the various sciences, especially as their findings have a bearing on vision. Her wide interests are probably at the bottom of her insistence that any theory of color must account for all the facts, whether they concern the vision of the lowly insect or man, whether they come from the physical or psychological laboratory. She is probably one of the five or six people in the world competent to discuss the facts and theories of vision with a proper grasp of the numerous problems involved. Certainly she is one of the very few who can tell both physicists and psychologists (who often stand at opposite poles regarding their treatment of the facts of vision) "where to get off," and this she does in a piquant, yet forceful manner. For it is notorious that physicists neglect important phenomena of color known to the psychologist, and psychologists are seldom acquainted with the apparatus and methods used by the physicists when they work with light, hence their mutual neglect each of the other's work. Dr. Ladd-Franklin steps in boldly between the two, armed with facts and logic, demanding that all the facts be given a hearing.

This book consists of the papers published by the author in various journals over a period of thirty-seven years. It also contains a foreword by C. K. Ogden, editor of the series in which it appears, a chapter from Woodworth's "Psychology" wherein he states his preference for the Ladd-Franklin theory, and articles by Niefeld and Israeli. While we are told that "this book is one continuous argument against the color theories of Helmholtz and Hering," it is really more than that for it contains a wealth of interesting fact and observation, the reddish-blue arcs, for example, as well as expositions and criticisms of other theories of vision, notably the theory of Schanz which is not readily accessible in English. The title of the book should not, therefore, mislead anyone for the range of topics discussed is concrete and broad. Probably the best way to comprehend the numerous facts of color vision is through a consideration of theories, for theories are short-handed devices for summarizing facts, and, dealing as they do with fundamental facts, they serve to orient the reader in an otherwise bewildering array of material. The subject of color and color vision becomes, in this book, a most fascinating subject for scientist and layman alike. The explanations of charts given in an appendix, the glossary of important terms, the indices, and a certain amount of repetition of salient points all help to make the book clear to those uninitiated into the mysteries of vision. The eight or more charts are masterpieces of composition and reproduction; they are probably the most complete and beautiful set of plates having to do with color vision to be found in any one volume. Both author and publisher are to be congratulated upon having gone to the trouble and expense of including them in the volume.

It is hardly necessary to state here in detail the theory which forms the main *point de repère* of the book. Suffice it to say that the Ladd-Franklin theory attempts to account for the evolution of the color sense from its beginnings to man. It assumes that in the first response to light a primitive light-sensitive molecule responds in such a way as to give the sensation of white, or gray. In the course of development this molecule undergoes cleavage, the two components giving blue and yellow. A second split in the yellow component gives red and green. Working backwards, if the red and green molecules are stimulated simultaneously we get the original sensation, yellow, while if the blue and yellow (or blue, red, and green) molecules are stimulated at the same time, we get the sensation of white. In this way the author can account for the fact that a certain red, green, and blue will give white as well as blue and yellow. The presence or absence of certain of these cleavage products in the eye is held to explain the facts of color mixture, the various types of color blindness, "zonal" blindness in the normal eye, the vision of animals below man, and a number of other phenomena perhaps less well known, such as contrast, after-images, and the like.

A number of supposed facts still held by philosophers, laymen, and, alas, scientists, are shown to be errors in this book and although they were first pointed out by the author years ago, many people still cling to them. For example, it is commonly held that normal individuals can have no notion of what the world looks like to the color blind individual. The existence of semi-defectives, people color blind in only one eye, gives the lie to many a philosophical structure reared upon the supposed privacy of our sensations, for these people have been able to compare vision with the normal eye with what is seen by the defective eye and so we can actually gain a tolerable idea of what the world looks like to people with certain types of color blindness. Again, it is commonly taught in the class room that rods and cones differ in structure as well as in function. But except for their basilar terminations there is no difference in structure between them. Finally, we may mention the fact that, as Dr. Ladd-Franklin so often insists, red and green when mixed give yellow, and not white or gray, —although most psychologists still preach the "vanishing" theory of red and green. It is true that lately it has been found possible for spectral red and green to give gray under certain conditions, but they seem to be the exception rather than the rule in spectral mixing.

While the reviewer cannot subscribe to the author's applications of her theory to the facts of contrast and after-images, it would take us too far afield to discuss these questions here. He cannot refrain from pointing out, however, that in her treatment of "black" which has been the bugbear of color theory, she ascribes this positive color (psychologically regarded black is as good a color as red or blue) to a resting state of the visual apparatus. But the best blacks are seen not when absolutely no stimulation is present (as a purely physical view of black would lead one to assume) but when there is plenty of light around an unlighted object, that is, when conditions are present for contrast effects. The explanation of black would therefore have to be sought in the mechanisms responsible for contrast effects in general. When no light reaches the eye what is seen is *gray*, a fact which Hering and the psychologists have been insisting upon for years against the physicists who regard black as the absolute absence of stimulation. But since Dr. Ladd-Franklin's explanation of black appears more as an adjunct to than an integral part of her theory, we may accept the latter whether or not we accept her explanation of black.

The extraordinary vitality of the Ladd-Franklin color theory is attested by the fact that it has been capable of a variety of formulations, changing as the progress of science has demanded change. Originally it was stated in terms of "molecules," later specific dyes were pointed to as possessing properties required of the light-sensitive molecules, and latterly it has been stated by Dr. Ladd-Franklin in terms of electronic and atomic activities—yet no new assumptions have crept into the structure of the theory which logically remains the same as when it was first formulated. Certainly in the field of color and color theories she has no peer.

Isaac Newton's Library of 858 volumes is to be sold *en bloc* in London. Twenty of the books contain his autograph.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Typical and Unique

CHICAGO. By CHARLES EDWARD MERRIAM. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

CHICAGO is a typical American city and there is no other city just like Chicago. This paradox is not Professor Merriam's thesis, but he recognizes the fact which it expresses and in one of the most interesting and illuminating analyses of American politics which have ever appeared he presents both the general and the special aspects of Chicago's politics and government.

The general aspects—a "visible" government, an "invisible" government, the struggle of political organizations for the opportunity to plunder the city, the efforts of public-spirited citizens to gain control, the endless varieties of graft, the alliance between public officials and the underworld of vice and crime —are made vivid by Professor Merriam's constant attention to detail and frequent anecdote. The special aspects of political Chicago are its complicated government, or rather, its numerous governments—it was Chicago that astonished the country and flabbergasted itself by producing a seven-foot primary ballot—an unparalleled maze of political factions which shift with every election, and a boldness of criminal activities that throws into stronger relief than elsewhere the collusion of police and gangsters and makes people think of Chicago as a frontier town.

Professor Merriam has been Alderman and candidate for Mayor as well as student and author, and his political experience, upon which he draws freely, supplies him with both information and illustration. He proves afresh that there may be greater revelation in a story than in a statement. A few months after he had won a hard-fought battle in the City Council on behalf of an ordinance forbidding billboards on roofs he saw, high on a roof, a huge billboard inscribed, "Vote for Merriam." "So thoughtless," he comments, "are one's friends." The psychology, both of political leaders and of the public, is set forth in these pages in authoritative fashion. The holier-than-thou attitude assumed by residents of other cities toward Chicago because of Mayor Thompson's antics is indirectly rebuked in an account of "the pineapple primary" which shows Professor Merriam's understanding of political psychology as well as his knowledge of Chicago. He doubts whether the famous "America first" slogan did not lose more votes than it gained and makes a good case for the conclusion that if the campaign had not been so short—three weeks—the route which Thompson suffered in the primaries of 1928 would have come then.

In his chapters on "Some Chicago Leaders," "Actual Government," and "The Pineapple Primary and Others" Professor Merriam gives a "close-up" of Chicago which is a model for corresponding pictures of other cities. He writes in no mood of despair. Somehow, despite her politicians, Chicago has developed a system of parks which any city might envy, has reclaimed her lake front, and was the first to put forward a "city plan." As Professor Merriam says, "Chicago outlived the terrible scourge of the Great Fire; and it will outlive the pestilence of grafters and racketeers." If his pages present an unflinching view of what's wrong with Chicago, they also contain abundant evidence for the hopeful note on which they end.

Austrian Tales

SELECTED AUSTRIAN SHORT STORIES. New York: The Oxford University Press. 1929. 80 cents.

THE World's Classics has added to its excellently printed and bound series a collection of Austrian short stories which includes Austrian authors already known and several others now to be met in English translation for the first time. Vienna forms the background and music the theme for a number of stories. The first and longest sketch, "The Poor Fidler," is by Franz Grillparzer who was a friend of Schubert and one of Austria's most famous playwrights of his day. Arthur Schnitzler is represented by a short, interesting sketch called "The Prophecy," dealing with the intricacies of the accomplishment of foretold tragedy. "The Finch," by Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, and "A Rainy Day," by Felix Braun, have the same clear simplicity as the younger German writers, such as Klaus Mann, show. Herman Bahr's "The Beautiful Wife" is an amusing turn on the necessity beauty has for acknowledgment. "The Troglodyte," by Ferdinand von Saar, and "Madame Nikolitch," by Adam Muller-Guttenbrunn, both realistic studies of women, form an interesting contrast in technique. The selections from Vicenz Chiavacci and Robert Hohlbaum are rather sentimental tales of musicians. Karl Strobl's "The Journey to the Centre of the Earth" is not as Jules Verne as it sounds, being a fantastic expedition of some children into their own cellar. From so catholic a list any reader should find something to his taste—but more probably he will read right through the collection.

Three Blind Mice

SEE HOW THEY RUN. By HELEN GRACE CARLISLE. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

IT is as if Helen Grace Carlisle had written the lives of each of her heroines separately on different colored sheets of paper and had then torn them all up together and tossed the fragments into the air. From the ensuing colorful shower "See How They Run" seems to have been pieced together. But many important bits concerning each heroine were lost in the process, other bits were fitted in too close to each other forming tiresome repetitions, and inevitably the whole has a staccato and uncohesive quality wearying when so long continued. But since these three blind mice run into so many strange alleys and live so much of their private lives in public they are not likely to lack for readers.

Olivia, Rose, and Mary Elizabeth have come from Chicago to New York to seek what they would call Life and Love and Work. Olivia comes from the home of liberal, thoughtful, social-minded parents and expects to become a great actress. Instead she becomes a show-girl and the mistress of an uneducated, gin-drinking taxicab driver. Mary Elizabeth comes from a conventional suburban home in search of kisses that endure. She secures them and, with a little strategy, a young French husband. Rose comes from a thirteen-in-family, two-room tenement home. Her desire is to express herself in beauty and in some exalted love. She is trapped by ugliness and misery. But before they reach these endings they live varigated lives in their apartment "with one room to sleep in and one room for visitors." They all become members of the "Dancing Daisies" chorus, attend parties in Greenwich Village, and give other parties themselves. One goes to jail for a night, one has recourse to pay-as-you-enter surgery, and all three pretty well run the gamut of misadventure in New York.

"See How They Run" is the story of high hopes everywhere baffled and thwarted through lack of understanding. Youth is sacrificed before old tricks and old hypocrisies. Youth betrayed from within and without is the recurring cry of the book. In presenting this general theme Miss Carlisle succeeds admirably, but when she gets down to particulars there is a different story to be told. The three girls, as girls, scarcely exist. They each, to some extent symbolize a strain in youth but no one of the three is complete. They lack the continuity of character which gives to the people of fiction lives of their own that seem to run on unbrokenly even when they are absent from the actual page.

Olivia receives the fullest characterization of the three. She is completely realized and portrayed in her bondage to passion. We are given in detail her three loves: her intense, protective passion for Rose, the humiliating drug-like desire she has for Jack, and her love for Martin, an insidious blending of the other two which makes it, to her, the most dangerous of the three. But what else do we know of her? We are told over and over again what she believes herself to be, what the author believes her to be, but we are never shown through action that she is any of these things. We never feel the tragedy of the prostitution of her talent because we are never convinced that she has talent.

It is easy enough to go on with negative criticism telling the things Miss Carlisle has left undone. It is more difficult to say why, in spite of its deficiencies, "See How They Run" stands out from its own kind as is does. Perhaps it is because of the sharp freshness of the book, its utter refusal of old forms (good or bad), its insistence on everything being expressed first hand as it were. Perhaps the uniqueness arises from a quivering intensity the novel has as if life so pressed in upon the author that she feared to take time to set it down to best advantage lest some of it escape her. She has had no thought to assort ideas or arrange sentences, to distil character out of experience; she has merely jotted down raw material. And out of this has sprung a sense of the living texture of those mad, courageous years that run so quickly into middle-age.

"The Wild West"

A MAN SCANS HIS PAST. By M. CONSTANTIN-WEYER. New York: The Macaulay Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER

PROBABLY there still exist first visitors to Paris whose long-premeditated purpose it is to ransack the book-trays along the quays of the Left Bank. They expect all sorts of treasures, for they have read Anatole France, and they find—cheap editions of scabrous memoirs, minor pornography, and French translations of American dime novels. Buffalo Bill and Colonel Custer are the heroes whose recorded exploits are hidden nowadays under the mattresses of André Gide's precocious schoolboys. It is disappointing, but it is a prevailing phenomenon in Europe of today. The bookshops in all capitals yield as their standard American literature the translated novels of Jack London. Now the home talent are writing in imitation of Kipling, London, and Grey, and in this 1929 the Prix Goncourt has gone to M. Constantin-Weyer for a hair-curling drama into which he has woven vignettes chosen from his twelve years of roving life in North America. Apparently the Goncourt Prize Committee has transferred its approval from variations on European themes to the deeds of red-blooded he-men.

The rhythms of this story essay to be great ground-swells of human emotion and somehow fail even to rock the reader's hammock. The creed and philosophy of the storyteller aim to be very vigorous and stark (he would "eliminate all neutrality" from his world), but the tale he tells is too fantastically melodramatic to serve for more than a swift moving-picture. The Prize was obviously not awarded for the story or the shallow soliloquies on hun destiny which accompany it, and it is puzzling know why such a vehicle won such honor. T answer seems to lie in the author's unquestionable ability to picture sharply and economically life in the Canadian West and in *Le Grand Silence Blanc*. He chooses the times and places where in the ten years before 1914 a great flood of settlers from Europe and the United States swept the cattle-men and ranchers from the plains, and he flings at the reader a wealth of convincing sketches of plain and forest and frozen north. The narrative is full of neat, true impressions—the sound of snow-shoes, the color of prairie-pools in northern Saskatchewan, the tricks of sunlight and aurora borealis when the temperature drops far below zero, the atmosphere of Edmonton and Winnipeg of twenty-five years ago, the habits of animals, the spirit of the *coureur-de-bois*, the devotion of the frontier priest. By making his hero a settler in summer and private fur-trader in winter, the author sweeps into his net farm land, western cities, the forest, and the barrens. As a sop to his French audience he even manages a two-page trip to Quebec.

Perhaps this review is merely another wail over the decline of the essay. M. Constantin-Weyer could in that form have written compellingly well of an era and of places which have not been well described, without weakening his effect with improbabilities and platitudinous psychologizing. Some readers may remember the late L. F. Rouquette's fine travel essays, which Clarence Gagnon illustrated so beautifully in 1928—"Le Grand Silence Blanc." The success and beauty of that volume make one wish that M. Constantin-Weyer also had remained true to his experience. This poor novel shows that had he done so we could have praised him with little qualification. He might better have taken Louis Hémon as his mentor. As it is, our praise goes to the translator, who is remarkably successful in dignifying poor material and whose transcriptions of slang and *patois* ring true.

A fountain has been set up in Frankfort, according to *John O'London's Weekly*, to shock-headed Peter, the famous character created one hundred and twenty years ago by Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann for his son, and afterwards given to the world in "Struwwelpeter." The original manuscript may be seen in the National Museum at Nüremberg.

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The Bowling Green

THIS is the end of the fifth year of the *Saturday Review*, and it seems appropriate to complete the lustrum by clearing up some accommulated miscellany. Always arduous in the interests of our customers we have planned an unusual feature for the sixth year of this resodded Bowling Green. It will run serially—with, presumably, occasional circuit breakers—for a dangerously long time.

* * *

We have been guilty of discourtesy in not replying to several inquiries asking specifications of the old books that were discovered in the attic of The Foundry, the old iron works in Hoboken. I shall attempt a precis of that matter presently. One of them, appropriately enough considering the grimy condition of the ancient building, was Ethics of the Dust—an 1889 American reprint of it, including an extraordinary supplement called "Fiction, Fair and Foul." In this Ruskin utters some comments on the realistic fiction of his time which sound exactly like many of the critical outbursts of conservatives today.

* * *

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW
(In the Chinese manner, more or less)

I

Looking across the valley of the Connecticut,
At sundown the hills are purple.
From the flat plains of Musashi,
On a clear morning one can see Fuji.

II

There they are interested in the stock market;
Here they want to know about "Walden."
My friends at home are sorry for me,
Exiled in a heathen country.

D. F. W.

* * *

Always interested in the various kinds of human excitement that procced in the building at 25 West 45, I was pleased to receive a card announcing that the metropolitan sales agency of the Rustic Well Foundry has been established at room 1203 of this our own beehive. Already in warm weather it is agreeable to contemplate the Frigidaire salesroom next door on 45th Street. Now also, on days of oppression, we can slip up to the 12th floor and see rustic well-heads. The Well Foundry also manufactures "artistic modern lamps, book ends, door stops and smoking stands."

* * *

The most thrilling book I have read lately, by the way, is "On the Bottom," by Lieut. Commander Ellsberg, an account of the heroic struggle to raise the submarine S-51. Particularly for boys in their teens, for anyone who happens to feel down in the mouth about some job or other, it is pure adrenalin.

* * *

M.A.J., of Walton le Dale, Orrtanna, Pa., reports:—

All along the old Chambersburg Pike the rambler roses are in bloom, supported on steel trellises. Mark one for the Highway Commission.

Over in Buchanan Valley, Father Whalen has erected an appealing statue of Mary Jamison, the young girl who was captured by the Indians. Its pedestal is built of the foundation stones of her old home. Mark two for Father Whalen.

* * *

The always admired literary editor of the Boston *Transcript* is the first Galtian to emerge from the shrubbery:—

The opening paragraph of your latest Bowling Green has lured at least one zealot from the underbrush. New editions of John Galt's books bob up every once in a while, although they usually come directly from Edinburgh without the intervention of an American publisher. The last edition of "Annals of the Parish" of which I have any knowledge was published in 1911 by T. N. Foulis of Edinburgh, and in this country by McClurg of Chicago. Foulis has recently published two other Galt volumes, "The Howdie and Other Tales" in 1923, and "A Rich Man" in 1925. Both these books have introductions by William Roughead.

I remember seeing many years ago a set of Galt's works in which his name was given on the binding as Thomas Galt, although it was correct on the title page.

E. F. Edgett.

The Manchester *Guardian*, which is so often first with the news that really matters, gives a personal glimpse of Erich Remarque, the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front."

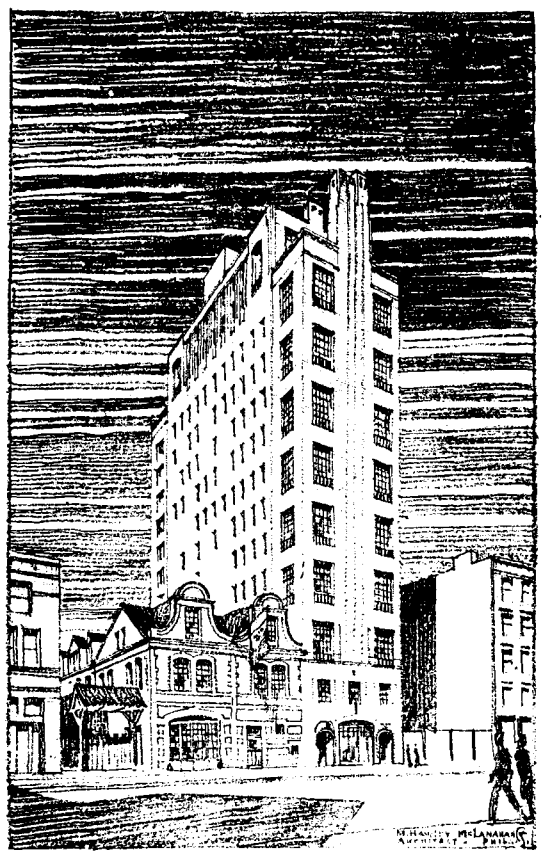
The other day a well-dressed young man, with fair hair, blue eyes, and sunburnt complexion went into a bookseller's shop and asked to see the newest novels. Of course he was shown "Im Westen Nichts Neues" ("All Quiet on the Western Front") by Erich Maria Remarque, and was told that half a million copies of this amazingly successful war-book had been sold in three months. "That is no proof of its artistic merit," he said. The bookseller continued his eulogy of the book, but was cut short with "I wrote it" from the young man.

Remarque is at present in Davos, and someone who has met and talked with him there describes him as somewhat melancholy in tone. How can he be anything but serious when every day letters come thanking him for his book, letters from men whose terrible wounds are still unhealed, from the shell-shocked, gas-poisoned, and blinded? "When I came back my mother had died," he said, "and what is a family without the mother? I became editor of a sporting paper to take the edge off my sorrows." Asked if he had ever written anything before he replied:

"Only trifles not worth mentioning. I was unknown and found life hard. I had nothing in common with the manifestations of modern culture. I felt I was different and alone. One day I started writing. I had the material and it only wanted putting in order. But for a long time I left what I had written lying in a drawer and began other things. The book seemed to me too personal.

"I believe that it is an isolated success. The success took me by surprise, and left me cold. Far from giving me pleasure, it made me feel inexpressibly sad and helpless. Suddenly I, the unknown, became an object of interest and curiosity. It all depressed me, and I had to escape from Berlin and come here to Davos."

Remarque's flight from publicity does not mean that he is writing another book. He is chiefly occupied in answering letters. "I feel it is my duty to those comrades who suffered like myself. I will answer all those letters before I do anything else.



THE FOUNDRY, HOBOKEN

"To write another book after such an astounding success will be a difficult task. Perhaps I shall never write anything more. Why should I add yet another to the vast army who write from vanity, necessity, or because it is their vocation?"

Remarque has refused endless offers from publishers. He knows nothing of politics, except, as he said with a smile, that Stresemann is Foreign Minister. He has never read either Barbusse or Unruh. He is a native of Osnabrück, in Westphalia; and an orthodox Catholic.

* * *

I have had a number of very kind letters in re the Voltaire library in Leningrad. Professor George R. Havens, of Ohio State University, has generously sent me a reprint of a paper by himself and Professor Norman L. Torrey dealing with the matter. It was published by the Modern Language Association last December, and as the subject is of wide interest I venture to reprint at some length: —

THE PRIVATE LIBRARY OF VOLTAIRE AT LENINGRAD

On the 15th of December, 1778, about six months after the death of Voltaire, his private library at Ferney was bought by Catherine the Great of Russia for 30,000 rubles plus a certain number of valuable presents to Mme Denis, Voltaire's niece. This library consists of about 7,500 volumes comprising, because of the number of large sets, about 2,500 to 3,000 titles. Catherine received her purchase at St. Petersburg on July 30, 1779. Wagnière, the secretary of Voltaire, had been engaged to arrange the books in the same order as at Ferney and to prepare the manuscripts for binding. He arrived in St. Petersburg, as he tells us, "le 8 auguste 1779," and remained in Russia at the execution of the task set him by Catherine until probably January or February, 1780. The library was installed in the Hermitage and remained there until about 1862, when it was transferred to the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg, now the Public Library of Leningrad. There in the *Fine Arts Division of the Philosophy Section* these books are still to be found, carefully stored in their locked cases behind glass doors and supposed still to stand in the order in which they were arranged by Wagnière after that used by Voltaire himself at Ferney. Most of his books are contained in two large double-faced cases, each case about twenty feet long and ten shelves high, giving a total book space of some eight hundred feet. The bottom shelves are reserved for folio volumes, the second shelves for quartos and the smaller volumes appear on the higher shelves. A somewhat smaller case in the gallery above contains the rest of Voltaire's books. Under the former government of Russia no one was allowed to consult more than five books of this collection a day. This limit is no longer imposed and during the summer of 1927 the authors of this article were permitted to have before them on their tables any number of volumes that they wished.

For nearly one hundred and fifty years this valuable collection, owing to its remoteness and its comparative inaccessibility, has been very greatly neglected by scholars.

Rarely has the fascinating, though dangerous, study of sources been offered so definite and concrete a point of departure as is presented by the Voltaire library. Perhaps the cases of Montesquieu and of Victor Hugo are similar, but unfortunately in most instances such libraries have been dispersed, so that it is possible only in piecemeal and halting fashion and after great effort to determine with any degree of certainty upon what intellectual food their owners fed. With Voltaire the case is entirely different. We know, not of course all the books he consulted, but at least most of those he owned. A few volumes indeed have been lost and probably not all of the books owned by Voltaire in his youth remained with him until the Ferney period, but most of his library has been maintained intact. We have, moreover, extensive marginal comments, many of them of great interest, showing as they do Voltaire's thought often struck off at white heat, uncurbed by ulterior considerations of safety or by the effect of public opinion. Great numbers of his books contain many long narrow slips of paper used to mark passages which especially interested him. Their position in the books in reference to the context, the fact that they often bear the manuscript notation, "note marginale," and that they check with such a note in the margin of the book, the cleanness of the part of the slip within the leaves of the book, contrasting with the dusty discolored part outside, the manner in which these tags have become twisted together whenever there are many in a single volume, as well as the fact that many of the slips have been torn from letters or envelopes bearing on them "M. de Voltaire" or "Ferney, près Genève" or some other illuminating bit of an address—all of these factors indicate that seldom, if ever, have they been moved from their original position. Thus we can be sure in nearly every case that we are following directly the course of Voltaire's own mind. Moreover, in some cases Voltaire has torn off a tiny bit of paper from the end of one of these markers and stuck it down over the beginning of a passage which interested him. This unusual method of marking can still occasionally be observed. These stickers still stick.

It is interesting to note that Cicero is represented in Voltaire's library by seven titles, Malebranche by eight, Lucretius by five, Locke by five, Pascal and Plato by four, Descartes by six, Horace by three, Bacon by two (one version in Latin and one in English). Charron and Montaigne, La Mothe Le Vayer, and Chaulieu are of course to be found in the Voltaire library. Mandeville, Clarke, Hume, Milton, Shakespeare, Newton, Collins, Toland, Shaftesbury, Addison, and Bolingbroke are among the English authors represented, and there are many, many more. Voltaire's copies of Rousseau are of particular interest because of their piquant and characteristically Voltairean marginal comments. These marginal comments will be published later in another article.

But the marginal notes expressing Voltaire's violent antipathies, interesting and picturesque as they are, represent only one side of his mind and a side which it is easy to exaggerate. Often Voltaire was concerned only with serious documentation. Even when he has a general tendency to disagree violently with the author he is reading, he can nevertheless be sufficiently impartial to express frank approval when such approval appears to him to be due. Of this, Rousseau is an excellent illustration. While Voltaire writes in the margins of Rousseau's works many an unfair stricture, many an insult, or argument *ad hominem*, he is also capable of writing in approval of Rousseau's attack upon the efficacy of redemption: "bon." When Rousseau combats the doctrine of original sin, Voltaire comments: "Bon cela," and a few lines further down on the same point: "Hardi et bon." Even Locke, "le sage Locke," whom Voltaire so much admires and with whom he more generally agrees than with any other philosopher, is not taken without question and close scrutiny. When Locke in a dualistic passage says: "L'esprit peut mettre des corps en mouvement, ou s'empêcher de le faire," Voltaire has written on his marker: "Idée des esprits à examiner" and in the margin of the book: "Obscur et douteux."

* * *

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

No topic touched upon by the Bowling Green in some time has called out so much correspondence as the Voltaire library; which one may regard as an encouraging symptom.

Christopher Morley.

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Topics of Special Interest

Basic England

The following article by Mr. C. K. Ogden gives the first account available in America of the proposal to reduce the English Language to less than 1000 words, as a solution of the International Language problem. The copyright in the vocabulary here printed is at present reserved.

Mr. Ogden is a Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and is already known to our readers as the author of the review of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" which appeared in our issue of October 23, 1926. He is the Editor of the "International Library of Psychology" and the "History of Civilization," and has just contributed a Preface to the latest work of Mr. James Joyce. Amongst those who are collaborating in the movement for the development of Basic English is his former collaborator on "The Meaning of Meaning," Professor I. A. Richards, who is now on his way to Peking where he has been invited to occupy the Chair of English during the coming year.

WHEN Henry James remarked that the American people were romping amid the ruins of the English language he left it an open question whether they were there to destroy or to fulfil. From the psychological point of view, at any rate, a linguistic romp is a highly creditable performance. The antic haverings of a pedantic pedestrianism in quest of Pure English are rapidly producing a new form of Addison's disease—for Addison was the first to complain that "the late war has adulterated our tongue with strange words."

But if we are agreed that they are ruins, the case for a newer edifice is all the stronger; and those of us who are both conservatives and sentimentalists will prefer to build on the old site. We may even be able to preserve some of the old bricks, so that our children's children may say, "This was known to Webster," or "Here Mencken fought and won." And here lies the strength of Basic English—a scientific attempt to select the most fundamental words in the current language to form a practical auxiliary language for all nations.

From one standpoint, that of science and of writers like James Joyce, the 500,000 words of the lexicologist are too few; from another, that of the occidentalizing oriental, the 10,000 words of the man in the street are too many. The former needs more and merrier, the latter, simpler and slicker. Perhaps, in time, both can be satisfied. If so, English will become not only the International Auxiliary language, but the Universal language of the future.

To have succeeded in getting on the back of a sheet of notepaper, in legible form, all the words actually needed to communicate idiomatically most of the requirements of international correspondence, science, and commerce, is the claim of those who have spent a decade in compiling the vocabulary here printed.

* *

To read an ordinary issue of the *Saturday Review* with profit, a vocabulary of over 50,000 words is implied. Actually, many readers get along with 25,000 or less. A conscientious foreigner is apt to have to memorize about 15,000 by way of insurance, before he can understand a particular 1,000 even if he will never have occasion to speak or write English himself. Let us suppose that this requires two years' hard labor—the problem of an Auxiliary Language is to reduce his labor to two months.

The artificial languages which contrive, with varying degrees of plausibility, to make this claim, cannot as yet attain this minimum, are all based on a limited group of languages, quite unfamiliar in type to the millions of orientals who must chiefly be kept in view, and have not yet studied the problem of simplification systematically.

Moreover, when learnt, an artificial language still awaits a millenium in which conversion shall cease to be confined to a few thousand enthusiasts; and here the importance of accurate statistics is once more apparent. It is often stated that English is the language of 250,000,000 people, and this figure is then compared with the figures for French, German, Spanish, etc., with the implication that it would be invidious to be influenced by so small a lead, when the tide of national prejudice is running so high. Actually, however, English is the expanding administrative (or auxiliary) language of over 500,000,000 people, and financial reasons alone should convince even those who resent the fact that it is bound to expand even more rapidly in the near future.

It is impossible to do more here than indicate the five main principles for which novelty may be claimed, in the sense that their application has made so radical a reduction feasible. They are the elimination of verbs, the analysis of the thirteen operators and twenty-one directives which replace them in universal grammar, the use of panoptic conjugation in systematic definition, the projectional interpretation of emotive adjectives, and the development of Bentham's theory of Fictions in the treatment of metaphor.

The Basic vocabulary—composed of 850 words—is, of course, supplemented by grammatical rules, reduced to a minimum. These will cover both the conjugates of such words as have more than one form (primarily operators and pronouns) and also the uniform formation of various derivatives from 300 of the names. Word-order is explained by a special educational device (the Panopticon) illustrating the essential parts of speech and their relations to one another, by a series of concentric circles on which the words are printed.

It is obvious that no foreigner could attempt to work the system without the rules designed to eliminate irregularity and ambiguity and to maximize the range of the vocabulary. The English reader, however, can try his hand at translation without the limitations designed to aid and restrain the foreigner. A model will be found in the translation printed at the end of Dr. Hatfield's "Automaton" (in the "To-day and To-morrow" series: Dutton), and some further details about the system appear in the January and current (July) issues of *Psyche*, though these are designed primarily for psychologists.

The Basic vocabulary follows:

OPERATORS ETC.	NECESSARY NAMES				QUALIFIERS	COMMON THINGS		OPPOSITES ETC.
COME	ACCOUNT	EDUCATION	MEAT	SELECTION	ABLE	ANGLE	LEMON	AWAKE
GET	ACT	EFFECT	MEMORY	SELF	ACID	ANT	LIBRARY	BAD
GIVE	ADAPTATION	ELEMENT	METAL	SENSE	ANGRY	APE	LIP	BENT
GO	ADDITION	END	MIDDLE	SERVANT	AUTOMATIC	APPLE	LIVER	CERTAIN
KEEP	AGREEMENT	ERROR	MILK	SEX	BITTER	ARM	LOCK	CHEAP
LET	AIM	EVENT	MIND	SHADE	BLACK	ARMY	LUNG	CHIEF
MAKE	AIR	EVOLUTION	MINERAL	SHOCK	BLUE	BABY	MAGNET	COMMON
PUT	ALCOHOL	EXAMPLE	MINUTE	SIDE	BOILING	BAG	MAP	COMPLETE
SEEM	AMMUNITION	EXISTENCE	MINE	SIGN	BRIGHT	BALL	MATCH	CRUEL
TAKE	AMOUNT	EXPANSION	MONEY	SIGHT	BROKEN	BANANA	MOON	CUT
BE	AMUSEMENT	EXPERIENCE	MONTH	SILK	CHEMICAL	BANK	MOUNTAIN	DEAR
DO	ANIMAL	EXPERT	MORNING	SILVER	CLEAN	BASIN	MOUTH	DELICATE
HAVE	ANSWER	FACT	MOTHER	SISTER	CLEAR	BASKET	MUSCLE	DIFFICULT
MAY	APPARATUS	FALL	MOTION	SKY	COLD	BATH	NAIL	DIRTY
WILL	APPROVAL	FAMILY	MOTOR	SLEEP	COMPLEX	BEE	NEEDLE	DRY
AT	ARGUMENT	FARM	MULTIPLICATION	SLIP	CONSCIOUS	BED	NECK	FALSE
ABOUT	ART	FATHER	MUSIC	SMASH	DEAD	BELL	NERVE	FLAT
ACROSS	ATTEMPT	FEAR	NAME	SMELL	DEEP	BERRY	NET	FOOLISH
AFTER	ATTENTION	FEATURE	NATION	SMOKE	DEPENDENT	BIRD	NOSE	FOREIGN
AGAINST	ATTRACTION	FEELING	NATIVE	SNEEZE	DIFFERENT	BOAT	NUT	FREEZING
AMONG	AUTHORITY	FICTION	NEED	SNOW	EARLY	BOOK	OFFICE	FREQUENT
BEFORE	BACK	FIELD	NEWS	SOAP	EASY	BONE	ORANGE	FUTURE
BETWEEN	BALANCE	FIGHT	NIGHT	SOCIETY	ELECTRIC	BOOT	OVEN	GREY
BY	BASE	FIGURE	NOISE	SOIL	EQUAL	BOTTLE	PARCEL	ILL
DOWN	BEEF	FIRE	NOTE	SONG	FAT	BOX	PASSPORT	INTERNATIONAL
FROM	BEER	FLAME	NUMBER	SORT	FEMALE	BOY	PEN	LAST
IN	BEHAVIOR	FLIGHT	OBSERVATION	SOUND	FERTILE	BRAKE	PENCIL	LATENT
OFF	BELIEF	FLOOR	OFFER	SOUP	FIRST	BRAIN	PIANO	LATE
ON	BIRTH	FLOWER	OIL	SPACE	FREE	BRICK	PICTURE	LEFT
OUT	BITE	FOG	OPERATION	SPECIES	FULL	BRUSH	PIN	LOOSE
OVER	BLOOD	FOOD	OPINION	SPORT	GENERAL	BULL	PINE	LOUD
THROUGH	BLOW	FORCE	ORDER	START	GOOD	BUTTON	PIPE	LOW
TO	BODY	FORM	ORGANIZATION	STATEMENT	GREAT	CAKE	PLANE	MILITARY
UNDER	BRASS	FRIEND	ORNAMENT	STEAM	GREEN	CAMERA	PLATE	OLD
UP	BREAD	FRONT	PAGE	STEEL	HANGING	CANDLE	PLOUGH	OPPOSITE
WITH	BREATH	FRUIT	PAIN	STEP	HAPPY	CARD	POCKET	PARALLEL
AS	BROTHER	FURNITURE	PAINT	STITCH	HARD	CARPET	POT	POOR
FOR	BUILDING	GARMENT	PAPER	STONE	HEALTHY	CART	POTATO	PUBLIC
OF	BURN	GAS	PART	STOP	HIGH	CAT	PRISON	ROUND
THAN	BURST	GLASS	PAYMENT	STRETCH	IMPORTANT	CELL	PUDDING	SAD
A	BUSINESS	GOLD	PERSON	STRUCTURE	JEWISH	CHAIN	PUMP	SAME
THE	BUTTER	GOVERNMENT	PIECE	STYLE	KIND	CHEESE	RABBIT	SHARP
ANY	CARE	GRAIN	PLACE	SUBSTANCE	LIKE	CHEQUE	RAIL	SHORT
ALL	CAUSE	GRASS	PLANT	SUGAR	LIVING	CHIN	RAT	SIMPLE
EVERY	CHALK	HALF	PLAY	SUGGESTION	LONG	CHURCH	RECEIPT	SLOW
NO	CHANCE	HARMONY	PLEASURE	SUMMER	MALE	CIGARETTE	RESTAURANT	SMALL
ONE	CHANGE	HATE	POINT	SUPPORT	MARRIED	CIRCLE	RING	SOFT
SOME	CHOCOLATE	HEARING	POLICE	SURFACE	MATERIAL	COAT	ROPE	THIN
SUCH	CLASS	HELP	PORTER	SURPRISE	MEDICAL	COMPASS	ROOT	WARM
OTHER	CLOTH	HISTORY	POSITION	SWIM	MIXED	COW	SAIL	WRONG
THIS	COAL	HOLE	POST	SYSTEM	NATURAL	CURTAIN	SCHOOL	
THAT	COFFEE	HONOR	POWER	TALK	NECESSARY	DOG	SEED	
WHO	COLOR	HOPE	PRESIDENT	TASTE	NEW	DOOR	SHELL	
WHAT	COMFORT	HOUR	PRICE	TEA	OPEN	DROP	SHIP	
I	COMPANY	HUMOR	PRINT	TENDENCY	NORMAL	EAR	SHOE	
HE	COMPARISON	ICE	PROCESS	TEST	PAST	EGG	SHOP	
YOU	COMPETITION	IMPULSE	PRODUCT	THING	PHYSICAL	ELEPHANT	SKIN	
AND	CONDITION	INCREASE	PROFIT	THOUGHT	POLITICAL	ENGINE	SNAKE	
BUT	CONNECTION	INDUSTRY	PROMISE	THROW	POSSIBLE	EYE	SPADE	
OR	CONTROL	INFLUENZA	PROPERTY	THUNDER	PRESENT	FACTORY	SPIDER	
THEREFORE	COOK	INFORMATION	PROSE	TIME	PRIVATE	FEATHER	SPONGE	
BECAUSE	COPPER	INSECT	PULL	TIN	PROBABLE	FINGER	SPOON	
HOW	COPY	INSTRUMENT	PUNISHMENT	TOBACCO	QUICK	FISH	SPRING	
IF	CORK	INSURANCE	PURPOSE	TOUCH	QUIET	FLAG	SQUARE	
THOUGH	COTTON	INTEREST	PUSH	TRADE	READY	FLY	STAGE	
WHILE	COUGH	INTERPRETATION	QUALITY	TRANSPORT	RED	FOOT	STAR	
WHEN	COUNTRY	INVENTION	QUARTER	TREE	RIGHT	FORK	STATION	
WHERE	COVER	IRON	QUESTION	TROUBLE	ROUGH	FOWL	STAMP	
WHY	CREDIT	JOINT	RADIO	TURN	SAFE	FRAME	STOCKING	
AGAIN	CRIME	JOURNEY	RAIN	UNIT	SECOND	GARDEN	STICK	
EVER	CRUSH	JUDGE	RANGE	UNIVERSITY	SECRET	GIRL	STOMACH	
FAR	CURVE	JUICE	RATE	USE	SEPARATE	GLOVE	STREET	
FORWARD	DAMAGE	JUMP	RAY	VALUE	SERIOUS	GOAT	STRING	
HERE	DANCE	KICK	REACTION	VEGETABLE	SHUT	GRAMOPHONE	SUN	
LITTLE	DANGER	KISS	READER	VERSE	SMOOTH	GRAPE	TABLE	
MUCH	DAY	KNOWLEDGE	REASON	VESSEL	SOLID	GUN	TAIL	
NOW	DEBT	LAND	RECORD	VIBRATION	SORRY	HAIR	TELEGRAM	
THEN	DECISION	LANGUAGE	REFERENCE	VIEW	SPECIAL	HAMMER	TELEPHONE	
THERE	DEGREE	LAUGH	RELATION	VOICE	STICKY	HAND	TENT	
TOGETHER	DESIRE	LAW	RELIGION	WAITER	STIFF	HARBOR	THEATRE	
WELL	DESIGN	LAWYER	REPRESENTATIVE	WALK	STRAIGHT	HAT	THROAT	
NEARLY	DESTRUCTION	LEAD	REQUEST	WAR	STRANGE	HEAD	THUMB	
NOT	DETAIL	LEATHER	REST	WASTE	STRONG	HEART	TICKET	
ONLY	DEVELOPMENT	LETTER	RESULT	WATER	SUDDEN	HOOK	TOE	
QUITE	DIGESTION	LEVEL	RHYTHM	WAVE	SUSPICIOUS	HORN	TONGUE	
SO	DIMENSION	LIGHT	RICE	WAX	SWEET	HORSE	TOOTH	
VERY	DIRECTION	LINE	RIVER	WAY	TALL	HOSPITAL	TOWN	
TOMORROW	DISCOVERY	LINEN	ROAD	WEATHER	THICK	HOTEL	TRAIN	
YESTERDAY	DISCUSSION	LIQUID	ROLL	WEEK	THIRD	HOUSE	TUBE	
NORTH	DISEASE	LIST	ROOM	WEIGHT	TIGHT	ISLAND	VIOLET	
SOUTH	DISGUST	LOOK	RUB	WIND	TIRED	JEWEL	VIOLIN	
EAST	DIVISION	LORD	RULE	WINE	TRAINED	KEY	WALL	
WEST	DOUBT	LOSS	RUN	WINTER	TRUE	KETTLE	WASP	
YES	DREAM	LOVE	SALT	WOMAN	VIOLENT	KNEE	WATCH	
PLEASE	DRESS	MACHINE	SAND	WOOD	WET	KNIFE	WEB	
MR.	DRINK	MAN	SCALE	WOOL	WHITE	LAMB	WHEEL	
MRS.	DRIVER	MANAGER	SCIENCE	WORD	WIDE	LAMP	WHISTLE	
MISS	DUST	MARBLE	SEA	WORK	WISE	LAVATORY	WING	
SIR	EARTH	MARKET	SEAT	WRITER	YELLOW	LEAF	WINDOW	
MADAM	EDGE	MEAL	SECRETARY	YEAR	YOUNG	LEG	WORM	

An Extinct Beast

THE HUNTING OF THE BUFFALO. By E. DOUGLAS BRANCH. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

THE disappearance of the buffalo took place hardly more than forty years ago, but in that forty years it has become an animal of legend. Because of its great size and its overwhelming numbers, as accounts of them have come down to us, it has probably been more written about than any animal of America. Ranging in ancient times from the Appalachian Mountains west beyond the Rockies and from the Gulf of Mexico as far north as Great Slave Lake, it covered a vast territory and supported many tribes of people. To the white men who crossed the plains prior to 1880 it was a familiar animal, and after the transcontinental railway was built the passengers on the railroad trains saw buffalo in great herds, and satisfied their ambition in certain directions by shooting at them from the windows of the railroad trains.

The buffalo, however, did not long outlast the construction of the railroads, for, as soon as this became possible, the commercial products which the animals yielded were transported to a market. It took a year or two for the hide hunter to awaken to his opportunity, but, soon after this awakening came, the wild buffalo disappeared. They lived longest in that portion of the Southwest which was least accessible to the railroad, and in this southwestern country they lasted until 1876. On the other hand, there were little odd bunches scattered about over the country and more or less hidden in it, which remained alive until 1886 or 1887. After the years 1881 and 1882, the buffalo were pretty well gone, but there was a band of about ten thousand reported east of the Black Hills in the summer of 1883. These were exterminated that summer and that, practically, was the end of the wild buffalo. It is said that in the spring of 1884 a robe buyer of Minneapolis picked up along the Northern Pacific Railroad robes enough to make a small carload, and that this was the last shipment of buffalo robes that ever went over the Northern Pacific Railroad.

For many years after this, the business of collecting buffalo bones to ship east gave occupation to a good many idle people on the plains, and in the later 80's, as has often been pointed out, great piles of these bones were heaped up along the railroad track to be shipped.

In all the western country where once the buffalo was killed, there remains of him today no sign except occasionally the old wallows in the prairie, and even these are often difficult of identification.

Mr. Branch's volume is full of interest. It covers the whole buffalo country as it was in the beginning of the last century, and, telling of the buffalo, it tells also of the people whose support the buffalo were. It goes back also to the early days of the white man in America and gives the Spanish accounts of the buffalo as they first saw him, together with the old picture so familiar to many of us, reproduced from Thevet's ancient volume published in Antwerp, in 1558. From that it comes down to Bill Cody, the Grand Duke Alexis, and the ending of the buffalo in 1883. To the white man the story of the buffalo is not a long one, for it began early in the sixteenth and ended in the nineteenth century. At the present day we see the buffalo either through a wire fence or more often through a glass pane.

There are now in semi-domestication in the United States and Canada from 16,000 to 20,000 buffalo. Up in the extreme northwest, near the McKenzie River, and in a small area in the Rocky Mountains, east of the Yellowstone Park, there are still a few buffalo that are actually wild, in the sense that they are not confined by a fence, but, in fact, the buffalo is quite extinct.

Old Stow, the Elizabethan historian of London and the father of London topographers, holds in his hand in his monument in St. Andrew Undershaft in the City a quill pen, which is replaced every year by a new one. Mr. Walter Bell recently suggested that the quill pen, removed after its years' service on the monument, should be mounted on gold and that a small adjudicating committee should award "the golden quill" to the best book on London of the year.

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Foreign Literature

Recent German Novels

POLITISCHE NOVELLE. By BRUNO FRANK. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt. 1929.
EUGENIE. By HEINRICH MANN. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay. 1929.
MENSCH LUTHER. By WALTER VON MOLO. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay. 1929.
REBELLEN. By ALFRED NEUMANN. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. 1929.
CHEFREDAKTEUR ROTH FÜHRT KRIEG. By STEFAN GROSSMANN. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay. 1929.
DAPHNE HERBST. By ANNETTE KOLB. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1929.
DIE KLEINE GOETHEMUTTER. By HELENE BÖHLAU. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. 1929.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

IN a sense which can perhaps be extended to cover almost all fiction except the purely fantastic, all these recent novels may be called historical—that is, they present either an historical figure or an historical epoch, remote on near. Bruno Frank's "political short story" deals with our own time and from the unmistakable resemblance between his hero, Achille Dorval, and Monsieur Aristide Briand, has aroused much attention. It is a study in the relations between this French statesman and his opposite number in Germany, the Prussian Minister Carmer. The latter is staying at Ravello, above Amalfi, when he hears that the Berlin Government is likely to fall and that he may obtain the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in the next Cabinet. He looks forward to concerting a plan for European peace with his friend Dorval, and makes his way to Cannes to meet him. We are given a vivid enough picture of the cosmopolitan plutocracy gathered on the French Riviera, gambling, dancing, attending revues given by a negress dancer, and the like. Then Dorval arrives. In his conversations with Carmer, and also in the discussions between their respective secretaries, Bloch and Erlanger, we are impressed with the differences between the French and German mentality, but also the absolute necessity both sides are under of working together in the common interest of European civilization. This is "Locarno" talk under the thin guise of fiction. But the end is tragic. Carmer is offered the post he anticipated, and is on his way back to take it when he is enticed, at Marseilles, by a street-walker and murdered by a gang of thieves. An interesting short novel, although at times too much like a transcription of leading articles from the liberal press in France or Germany.

Heinrich Mann's latest novel is a picture of German bourgeois society after 1870. It is much lighter in tone than his other books with the same theme, his "Untertan" and "Der Kopf." In fact, much of it is social comedy, presenting a German official family, that of Konsul West, whose wife, Gabrielle, is of French birth and rather ill-assorted, she feels, with a solid bourgeois husband. She has a slight flirtation with a young officer, something a little more serious with a financier, and meditates suicide from remorse. But the thought of her son, and then of her husband, restores her, and a gayer atmosphere is brought back with the preparations for a play in the Wests' garden, on the theme of Napoleon III., and the Empress Eugénie—hence the title, of course. The festive occasion is interrupted by the news of the financier's failure—it was the period of disastrous speculation which succeeded the establishment of the Empire. Gabrielle's husband is involved, but his friend the local Burgomaster steps in and saves him, and the curtain falls on a harmonious scene.

"Mensch Luther," by Walter von Molo, promised well. The character of the Reformer was a good subject, and Herr von Molo, in two long historical novels dealing respectively with Schiller and Frederick the Great, had shown noteworthy talent in this branch of fiction. But this latest work is inferior to his earlier books. It does not give by any means a complete picture of Luther the man, the man of violent extremes, the forceful personality, the eloquent and passionate advocate, the headstrong, impulsive reformer. The story begins with Luther's entry into Worms, and the writer presents a good picture of his command over the German populace. Thereafter he does not often appear prominently, and the stage is occupied by other figures such as the Emperor Charles V. But for these hardly enough space is given.

Alfred Neumann has followed up his success with "Der Teufel"—a success demonstrated in an English translation issued and well-reviewed in New York and London—by producing a novel of the Carbonari. Its hero is Guerra, a revolutionary agent living in Florence, with the strings of plots in Paris and in various parts of Italy in his hands. At the critical moment his revolutionary faith fails. We are not certain at first whether a love-motive is not the cause, but ultimately we see that Guerra has reflected profoundly on the people for whose liberation he is working, and has convinced himself that they are not yet ripe for freedom. A second novel with the title "Guerra" is just announced from Herr Neumann's pen. It promises to be an even more detailed study in the psychology of a disillusioned revolutionary.

With the novel of Stefan Grossmann, a well-known German journalist, we again reach the present time. The editor Roth is proprietor of a paper called *Die Flamme*, which specializes in "causes," now championing this popular demand, now attacking that abuse. He makes a special attack on the wealthy naturalized Rumanian, Diamantidi, whose intrigues with a young actress, and whose position as a capitalist interested in sweating shop-assistants rouse Roth's anger. He declares a war to the knife, but Diamantidi subsidizes Roth's worthless brother to found a rival paper and the "Flamme" faces defeat. Roth meets his brother and in an altercation kills him. The extreme sentence, however, is not pronounced. There is a subsidiary plot of love-intrigue, but the picture of Roth's editorial offices is the most interesting part of the story.

In "Daphne Herbst" a talented German woman-writer presents a picture of pre-war Munich society. Those who knew that vanished phase of German history will find the story full of interest, may even recognize, if not some of the characters, then at least some of the scenes, the British Legation, for example, or the drawing-rooms of this or that *hoffähig* hostess. The actual story is a sad one, of the frustrated marriage and death of the charming and vivacious Daphne, and the death, in a duel for love, of her brother. But such details are secondary; it is the gallery of pictures of pre-1914 Munich which holds our attention to the end. In this respect the novel is a historical document, written by an authority who drew her information at first hand. Helen Böhlau's novel, by comparison, is a gentler, if not a weaker production. It tells the story of the childhood of that remarkable woman, Goethe's mother, and the idyllic setting and sentimental atmosphere will probably please a host of readers to whom the superior virility of "Daphne Herbst" may not appeal.

Foreign Notes

PAUL SOUDAY, for years chief literary critic of *Le Temps*, died recently after a brief illness. He had conducted a daily column in that paper through the medium of which he introduced many of the contemporary writers to the public. He is credited with having discovered Proust, André Gide, and Valery among others.

The French Academy has awarded the Grand Prix de Littérature to Henri Massis, editor of the *Revue Universelle* and author of "La Défense de l'Occident," and the Prix du Roman to André Demaison, whose book on wild flowers was recently published.

A second and revised edition has just appeared of what is the best life of Dante published in English, "Vita di Dante," by Duca Gallarati Scotti (Milan: Treves).

"Il Vaticano," by Carlo Cecchelli (Milan: Bestetti e Tumminelli) is a sumptuous book with 450 copper-plate illustrations. It is the most complete and up-to-date work on the Vatican City to be found in any language. The introduction treats of the origins and character of the Papaci. "Merletti, e Ricami dell' Aemilia Ars" is published by the same house with 100 photogravures of the beautiful lace made by a school of expert workers in Bologna. The old designs they use are reproduced; these were originally published in a book printed in 1591, of which only two copies are in existence. Signora Elisa Ricci, a notable authority on lace, gives an account of the Bologna school in an interesting introduction.

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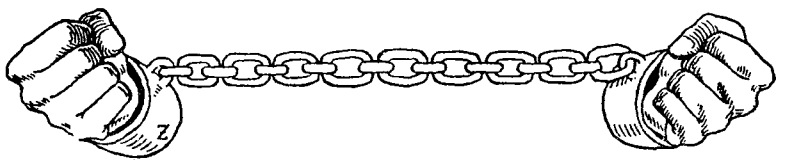

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Points of View

The Forest and the Trees

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

The great amount of attention that scholars of English literature are giving to scientific research has its effect upon the student as well as upon the scholar himself. The young man (or woman either) who has read some literature, who likes it, and who decides to major in English literature in his university course, looks forward to the time when he will get to read many books. Perhaps he has read only selections from Chaucer's works or Tennyson's works. He has read a few novels, a few plays (mostly Shakespeare's plays), some little romantic poetry, etc. He is somehow conscious of the fact that there has been written much excellent literature, and he looks forward to the time when he can read something of a certain Spenser's works, something of Drayton's, Dr. Johnson's, Oliver Goldsmith's, Wordsworth's, Coleridge's, Byron's, Shelley's, Keats's, Browning's, and some of the productions of some other men of whom he has heard a little or whose names he has seen in "Literature and Life," or some such anthology. This student wants to read some of the great novels, too. In short, he expects to be able to study the works of English literary artists that are most highly praised. I know a certain young man who would tell this aspirant that he would read more literature in his freshman and sophomore English courses than in all the rest of his work in English up to the Master of Arts' Degree.

This certain young man, who would offer such consolation to the student who wants to major in English, is himself a student of English; he speaks from experience. Let us speak a little of this student; we may find that his advice is the result of a bitter, disappointing experience.

This certain young man has now had nearly one year of graduate work in English. For many years he had been anxious to learn something about American literature. The result of a year's work is that he now has read a few pages of the writings of Jonathan Edwards, but he has read many about Edwards—he has learned from many sources the "characteristics" of this man and his works. He has read about half of the "Sketch Book" of Irving, and half of this half he read in high school, but he has been diligent to read about Irving, to learn about his importance as a reconciler between over-sensitive American writers and English readers; he has read what Professor Boynton and some other professors have said about Irving's style. He has read about as much about Charles Brockden Brown as he has read by Brown (he has hastily read one of Brown's novels); he has been careful to learn some of the characteristics of Brown's works; he has read and heard much about Brown's works as related to the gothic romance—in fact, he has heard much about the special problem involved in such study. He has read more than two thousand pages about Herman Melville, I suppose, but he has read not more than fifty pages of "Moby Dick," and not a line of "Omoo," "Typee," "Pierre," etc.—observe, however, that he knows the *names* of quite a number of Melville's works, as well as the names of other American authors' works. Until recently he had never read more than twenty pages of Whitman's works, but he could talk about Whitman's "I's," his long cataloguing, his type of subjects, the "characteristics" of his works. This he had got from lectures and from required reading in histories of American literature, in special articles, in works about Whitman, not by Whitman. He had heard many a lecture on the "Frontier in American Literature," had read parts of books on this subject—books by Turner, Hazard, and others. Yet he had never read a line of half of the men whose works are frontier in spirit—in fact, he was once almost persuaded that all that was important about American literature was the frontier spirit. About Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Bill Nye, Josh Billings, Sidney Lanier, Emily Dickinson, Edith Wharton, William Dean Howells, Henry James he has read many a page, but he has read few pages by these men and women. Why go on naming authors? It all amounts to this: he has had occasion or opportunity to read little of the works of authors, but he has been required to read many parts of literary histories, to listen to many lectures on the "characteristics," "sources," "problems," etc., of many works of art. He has read and heard *about* works much more than he has read the real works themselves. The proportion is terribly, yes, even horribly, out of balance. Certainly he must read about authors and their works. He would be very foolish not to take advantage of the "light" furnished by the research of scholars, not to benefit by the fruits of the works of other students and scholars. But when is he ever going to read the works by authors? Or is he to go on through life talking about what he has never read? He can continue to read about works of art, he can and must read the latest scholarship on his field. He can scarcely ever hope to get much time for reading great works; he can never hope to reread, and re-reread great works of art—he must read great works of scholarship if he continues to register for courses in the graduate school, or even if he becomes a college or university teacher.

Now this certain young man has had about the same experience in the study of English literature that he has had in the study of American literature. He is not satisfied. Let us get it straight: he does not object to some reading about works of art, but he does want some time to read the works of art themselves. Nor should we hastily conclude that his experience is unique. Indeed, he has heard the same complaint from many others. Scarcely anyone to whom he has told his complaint has failed to respond, "That's just how I feel about it." So desperate has he become—this certain young man—that he has almost decided to drop out of school a year or two and read some of these works of art that he has heard and read so much about; then he could return and hear and read some more about these and other works of art.

As for me, I think this "almost decision" just mentioned a good one. If, by the grace of God and by the kind-heartedness of his committeemen, he passes the oral examination, soon to be given, and provided he does not go crazy before that time, he will receive in June a Degree (yes, spell it with a capital "D"). I think he would do well to retire from school one year or two years and read some works of art, not forgetting a certain well-written work called the Bible, provided he can find it.

GRADUATE STUDENT
University of North Carolina.

Dishwashers and Education

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In connection with the article of James R. Angell, June 22, I have this to say: The matter with education (?) in my native, Tennessee and elsewhere—for we are not much more ignorant than many others,—the matter with us is we sit by and see public money spent for electric dishwashers and expensive patent potatoe-peelers to prepare one meal a day for children, some of whom, have not a nickle for a saucer of hot grits.

This ridiculous equipment is only too often housed in expensive buildings, poorly constructed at an enormous profit,—to some favorite firm.

Diplomas are given pupils whose knowledge of arithmetic is negligible, who cannot write a page of good, correct English—pupils who know nothing of the essential elements of their native language.

Public schools, colleges, universities are filled with teachers afraid to teach "truth," afraid to enunciate "facts,"—and these teachers, instructors, and professors hold their positions by the grace of a lot of trustees, who are immensely interested in handing out honorary degrees to rich men who cannot distinguish between the "influence" of Hypatia and Texas Guinan.

Let Mr. Angell turn the glass of investigation upon the details of the way the people's money is spent in these institutions miscalled "educational" and he will find where the real trouble lies.

L. GRAHAM CROZIER
Knoxville, Tenn.

The American Scene

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

The editorial "Getting It All Down" in a recent number of the *Review* is an unusually penetrating and true appraisal of present day literary productivity. The torrent of books pouring from the presses will give future social historians ample documentary material. In one sense, of course, human nature is always and everywhere the same. But only the dullest person can fail to observe the influence of our many backgrounds on manners and individuals. And how well have post-war novels reflected the diversified pattern of the national life. To my mind, one of the most significant phenomena in our literature is the vigor of the mid-western realistic movement. Conservative Eastern and European critics were at first shocked by the "crudity," by the "un-American" quality, of the novels and poems in which a distinct continental note appeared. They understood neither the physical nor the racial background of this vast, newly articulate territory.

But old tabus are fast crumbling. The fiction that we Americans conform to one type and our frantic efforts at standardization, may be attributed to an unconscious realization of wide differences varying with our numerous parallels of latitude and longitude. We are slow to appreciate the vital importance of geographical environment, of the *genius loci* in determining culture and psychology. New Orleans may borrow its capital, its jazz, and its styles from New York, but it cannot change its soil or its climate. I doubt whether even boosting Chambers of Commerce or the industrialization of old agricultural regions will ever make the South a copy of the North. At least, let us hope not. The historian who attempts to get the whole American scene on his canvas will have to be also poet, philosopher, and geographer. And he cannot afford to overlook our recent regional novels.

LAMBERT A. SHEARS.
New Milford, Conn.

MR. STEWART REPLIES

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In reply to Mr. Edward J. O'Brien's communication which appeared in *The Saturday Review* for June 8, allow me to say that the file of *The Boston Museum* in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester indicates conclusively that the issue in which "Ethan Brand" was published was correctly dated January 5, 1850.

In his statement to the effect that Hawthorne could not have written the description of Mount Graylock in 1849 since he did not go to the Berkshires until the spring of 1850, Mr. O'Brien has overlooked the facts that Hawthorne spent the summer of 1838 in North Adams and neighboring villages and that in writing "Ethan Brand" he drew many details of background, incident, and character from the copious journal which he had kept eleven years earlier.

RANDALL STEWART.
Yale University.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. Edward J. O'Brien in his letter published in the June 8th *Saturday Review* assumes that Hawthorne did not go to the Berkshires before 1850. An examination of Hawthorne's "American Note-Books" proves that Hawthorne saw Graylock on July 26, 1838. He stayed in the Berkshires until September 11 of that year. Professor Bliss Perry has written an interesting essay on Hawthorne's summer in North Adams.

SAMUEL E. ALLEN.
Williams College.

Is Life Worth Living?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Your editorial, "In a Hard Age," published in the issue of June 22, inspires me to approve response. It reminds me that Samuel Butler said in his "Notebook" that the question, "Is life worth living?" is a proper one for an embryo but not for a man. If a man should answer negatively (as I believe Butler infers he is like to do), it is too late for anything except suicide, which is, to say the least, taking a rather unfair advantage of the rest of the world. To the detached observer (or I had better say the semi-detached observer, for of course no one can be wholly aloof from existence) life is apt to seem a futile, tragic business, and since we are living, whether we would or no, that is a pity. We are properly employed in seeking real values, and our best means of finding them is to participate in the human contest. For we cannot know the pleasure of accomplishment unless we have struggled, and the fine flavor of rest is reserved for the fruitfully weary. Only the stars have right to detachment. FREDERICK THAYER, JR.
Oakland, Md.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

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MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY. By *Morris Meister.* Scribners. $1.

THE LITERATURE OF AMERICA. By *Quinn Bæugh Howe.* Scribners. $3.

NEW METHOD IN COMPOSITION. By *William A. Boylan, Constance W. Fuller,* and *Albert S. Taylor.* Scribners. 2 vols. 60 cents each.

THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL LIBRARY. By *William A. King.* Scribners. $2.

DEUTSCHKUNDE. By *Carl A. Krause.* Scribners. 88 cents.

Fiction

DARK DUEL. By MARGUERITE STEEN. Stokes. 1929. $2.50.

The jacket of "Dark Duel" is ill-advised in inviting comparison with "The Constant Nymph." Both novels treat of erratic, artistic households and there the likeness ends. "Dark Duel" has its merits, but they are not those of "The Constant Nymph." This dark duel is fought between two women for the love of a man introduced into the family by the son of one of them and the father of the other. This is what gives the book its individual slant: the women are grandmother and granddaughter. The rivalry is suprisingly convincing. The grandmother is a retired actress who had, in an earlier day, swept England in general and men in particular quite off their feet with her elusive charm. This charm still clings, touching her with mystery and making credible her attraction for a man in his twenties.

The granddaughter is a young artist who realizes, as the older woman does not, that there *is* a duel between them. Her young frustration in the presence of her grandmother's unconscious and sophisticated charm, her desire to play the game fairly, and her innate sense of her love-right at whatever subterfuge, are given with a very nice balance between the implied and the expressed. Both the women have the complexity of and are at times as inexplicable as, real people. They make themselves felt and create interest as to their motives. The men in the book are, for the most part, rather deliberately odd but are nevertheless interesting.

The story of "Dark Duel" is extremely brittle and cracks ominously as it moves along. Miss Steen puts her heroine through the stage-old situation of "offering" herself to a man for the reader's amusement and then, quite seriously, lets her go through equally threadbare experiences as if such things had never happened in novels before. The book is extremely uneven. If it were as good throughout as it is at its best it would be a remarkable novel, but in the moment of crisis the author is too prone to resort to the sensational or the stereotyped.

THE IMPERFECT LOVER. By ROBERT GORE BROWN. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

Robert Gore Brown has had the courage to attack the well known triangle in one of its best known forms: a husband and wife of social position and the other women recruited from the shop-girl class. But where Mr. Brown has shown his individual ability is the scrupulous manner in which he attempts to give every member of his trio a perfectly fair deal. There is no villain in the piece.

Jim and Clemency Warlock are happily married. Jim is conscious of no lack in Clemency and does not even feel that she fails to understand him. And yet he cannot get the thought of the youngness and freshness of Doris Lea out of his mind. Circumstances draw him towards her with decided help from Doris herself. Desiring not to have an affair, not to be untrue to Clemency, not to be unfair to Doris, Jim yet drifts into all these things while Clemency is away. Eventually the wife returns home and the husband returns to the wife. The other woman, girl really, has nothing to return to—hers is the tragedy.

That is the frame work of the story and means very little since it is the filling in of the frame that counts. And this filling proves almost superficial. Mr. Brown has not gone deep enough into his characters psychologically. They all do what they might reasonably be supposed to do but they remain surface creatures. They seem to have no life aside from their activities. This fact and the introduction of several amusing minor characters give a lightness to the book pleasing enough in itself but slightly misfit with them.

VIENNESE LOVE. By HUGO BETTAUER. Macaulay. 1929. $2.

Queer happenings in the Melchiorgasse! At number 58 shortly after dark a man wearing pince-nez and pointed beard entered and went directly to a room he had arranged to occupy until ten o'clock that night. A few minutes later a beautiful woman flashing with jewels also entered number 58 and also hurried into the same room. Later the man left, and once outside the house quickly removed his pince-nez and beard. Still later the woman was found in the room strangled and jewelless. At number 56 Melchiorgasse lived Frau Greifer whose avocation was dressmaking, but whose vocation was a more sinister trade and much older one. She becomes thoroughly entangled in the story through her wiles in procuring young girls to adorn her evening exhibitions. And the young girls are considerably mixed in with the mystery and several love plots that run along with it. So "Viennese Love" becomes a fairly populous tale drawing its personnel from both high and low circles in Vienna. The vice is laid on with a rather heavy hand and the chaste young lady who succeeds in securing large sums of money from her evening visits to a house of prostitution without giving in return "even so much as a kiss" is somewhat of a strain upon the imagination. But "Viennese Love" is like that, to be taken or left alone.

(*Continued on next page*)

An Epigram From Every Chapter of "THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY"

I THE LURE OF PHILOSOPHY
("Philosophy," said the medieval scholastics, "is the chambermaid of theology.")

II WHAT IS TRUTH?
("Perhaps truth is only the common denominator of our delusions, and certainty is an error in which all men agree.")

III MATTER, LIFE AND MIND
("We do not doubt that some things are better done by instinct than by thought; perhaps it is wiser, in the presence of Cleopatra, to thirst like Anthony than to think like Caesar.")

IV IS MAN A MACHINE?
("If life were not an active and remoulding force, prejudiced in favor of development, there never would have been any evolution.")

V OUR CHANGING MORALS
("It is a delicate question whether our young people find more pleasure in their strutting sins than their elders find in denouncing them.")

VI MORALITY AND IMMORALITY
("Every vice was once a virtue.")

VII LOVE
("It is from our great mother Nature, doubtless, that we inherit our resourceful stupidity.")

VIII MEN AND WOMEN
("Woman triumphs by repetition, like an advertisement. If she repeats, it is because she cannot strike.")

IX THE MODERN WOMAN
("Women have acquired souls and votes at the very time when men seem to have lost the one and forgotten the other.")

X THE BREAKDOWN OF MARRIAGE
("Marriage will be cast into newer and looser forms.")

XI ABOUT CHILDREN: A CONFESSION
("Nature inoculates us with egotism that we may consent to live, who could bear to see himself in the light of eternity?")

XII THE RECONSTRUCTION OF CHARACTER
("Nothing is the most useful thing in the world: it is often a good thing to do, and always a good thing to say.")

XIII WHAT IS BEAUTY?
("Love is the mother of beauty, not its child.")

XIV THE MEANING OF HISTORY
("An ideal is a material need phraseologically disguised as a moral inspiration.")

XV IS PROGRESS A DELUSION?
("We think there is more violence in the world than before, but in truth there are only more newspapers.")

XVI THE DESTINY OF CIVILIZATION
("Wealth alone does not make a nation great, it can give us a rotting Rome as well as a creative Greece.")

XVII IN PRAISE OF FREEDOM
("A gentleman will have no morals but his own.")

XVIII IS DEMOCRACY A FAILURE?
("Democracy is government by those who do not know.")

XIX ARISTOCRACY
("The people prefer an aristocracy. With one fine exception, the individual most popular in the American press of our day was an English Prince; and the most popular woman was a Balkan Queen.")

XX IS SOCIALISM DEAD?
("It is difficult for a country to be radical when every class in it is prosperous except the farmers.")

XXI HOW WE MADE UTOPIA
("The greatest tragedy that can befall an ideal is its fulfillment.")

XXII THE MAKING OF RELIGION
("The future in America will be like France today: a highly sceptical minority, and a highly pious majority.")

XXIII FROM CONFUCIUS TO CHRIST
("As long as there is poverty there will be gods.")

XXIV GOD AND IMMORTALITY
("The moral development of man has outrun his conception of God. . . It was Christ who killed Jehovah.")

XXV ON LIFE AND DEATH
("Nature solaces our slavery and attaches to our greatest sacrifice our greatest happiness.")

XXVI IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?
("Pessimism is the obverse of romanticism, the morning after imagination.")

XXVII THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS
("Let the children play, let the young men love. When childhood is tired and youth is sad, we shall hold out our arms to them and bid them come and sit with us at the feet of Plato in the City of God.")

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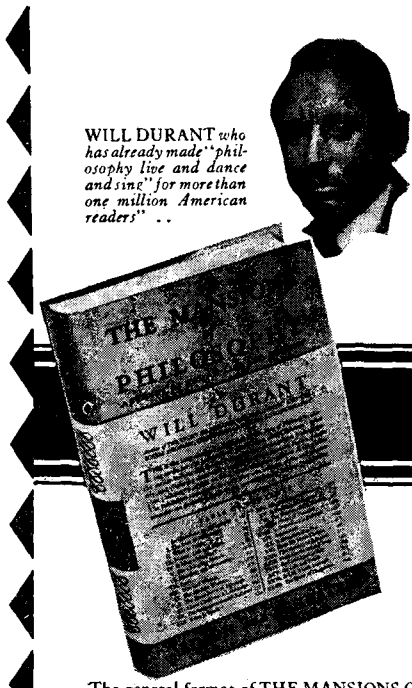

The general format of THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY is similar to that of THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY, but contains approximately 125 more pages. At all bookstores, $5.00.

The MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY

By WILL DURANT

1-8

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

VISITORS TO HUGO. By ALICE GRANT ROSMAN. Minton, Balch. 1929. $2.

This is one of those very gay stories of invalidism. The twenty-one year old hero is confined to his bed, supposedly, for life, and he has his dark hours when alone, but with his many visitors he is endlessly witty and scornful of emotion, and as these visitors play up to him there is a constant stream of bright dialogue flowing over the made-to-order pathos of the novel. The invalid wins a charming young girl and then springs back into a happy, healthy, and active life. His remarkable cure is brought about through shock at the return of his father whom he had believed permanently alienated. The book is obviously intended for a dull hour and is really better written than its subject deserves.

THE MERRY HEART. By FRANK SWINNERTON. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

That this book, first of Frank Swinnerton's some fourteen or fifteen novels, should have waited until 1929 for publication in this country, is significant. It makes one wonder at the reasons underlying the choice of novels among publishers, for certainly "The Merry Heart" cannot stand on its own values, nor can it be any too steady leaning against the bulkier weight of its brothers, the "Nocturnes" and the "Septembers" of a mature and trained artist. On the contrary it cheapens the sum total of Mr. Swinnerton's worthy output.

The story starts out brightly enough. For at least fourteen pages the patter is light-footed and gay. But that is all. From chapter three it begins to sink slowly into the quagmire of involved story. There is no plausibility from then on, no surprise, no suspense, no truthful characterization. Only a diagram would do justice to the intricacies of a plot where the hero hears by merest chance plans involving most of the characters as yet unknown to one another,—where the villain rapes a worthy young waitress, marries the hero's sister, and keeps the heroine out of her inheritance. All paths meet when such a one plots.

"The Merry Heart"'s contribution is to the young writer. The book affords him excellent study. He should go through it with a pencil, cutting out inopportune dialogue, and the repetition of plot which stretches a two hundred page novel into three hundred and thirty-four pages. He should observe what shifting the point of view twice in a paragraph does to the reader's equilibrium, and what disaster follows upon a change in "tone.". . . So completely does this novel change in manner of telling after the first two or three chapters, that it ends up neither "gentle" as it purports to be, with implication of whimsy, nor "a melodrama" which it is far too dull to accomplish. . . . As an exercise he should be asked to eliminate coincidence and see what happens to the plot.

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UNITED STATES SILVER CERTIFICATES. Steel engraved illustrations. All rag paper. Each copy numbered and signed. Washington, Bureau of Engraving and Printing, 1929 (as of 1928). According to edition, $1, $2, $5, $10, and $20.

THE new issues in the Government all-paper series have already created a great deal of excitement and interest. Probably no other issues of the year will have anywhere near so wide a distribution as "Silver Certificates." This universal interest in the new publications deserves a word from the reviewer.

It must first be observed that while collectors will fight desperately for possession of these numbered copies, no increase in value can be looked for, nor is it likely that they will appear in auction sales—though they will doubtless be bartered for other publications. Their value, alas, is entirely intrinsic.

Those who have read "News from Nowhere" will remember the curiosity, then the mild contempt, of the natives of that land for the bad design of the English coins which the newcomer displayed. They told him that they had coins in their museum, but they were beautiful coins of Greece, and that his were unlovely. Some such curiosity, followed by an almost equal contempt, has greeted the new silver certificates. A worse hodge-podge of design it has rarely been my privilege to see. The fact is that the gentlemen in charge of design in the Bureau appear to know nothing about design and the shapes of letters, nor, I suspect, much about protecting the currency from counterfeiting. I think it may be asserted that so complicated a design as that on these new certificates is less a protection to the average user than a far simpler design would be. For while photography will imitate every detail, almost, of these infinitely detailed bills, even stage money looks something like them. Contrast them with the beautiful clarity and simplicity of the Bank of England five-pound note—although the five-pound note is terribly ungainly in size.

Yet even the complexity could be forgiven if only some sense of order and design had been employed. Take the backs of the certificates. There isn't a comely letter, figure, contour, or area in any of them. Everything is just as ugly as it is possible to make it. The word "ONE" would do credit to a poor lithographic "artist" of the 'seventies. The figures are debased copies of forms long ago relegated to oblivion in job printing-offices. The cartouches look like cheap lithographic "stock" share certificates. The only possible relief is in the hard, mechanical rhythm of the engine engraving.

On the faces of the certificates, Muddle has the upper hand. On the $5 and $10 certificates the seal is over-printed on the letters FIVE and TEN, making for confusion. The framing cartouches would do credit to Early Pullman decoration. The portraits and buildings are merely ordinary, conforming to a tradition inherited from an earlier and hopeless day.

One could forgive—and understand—a new issue on aluminum or thin steel sheets —that would be in the temper of our industrialism, but there is such a thing as an art of design, though one would never guess it from these latest products of professional engravers. There is a vast deal of effort at Washington looking to the creation and preservation of beauty: Arlington, the Capitol, the White House, the Lagoon, the Freer Gallery, all attest the increasing respect which we pay to comeliness and beauty. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing goes dourly on its way denying all beauty, all fitness, all loveliness.

The paper of the new issues is impeccable, the printing is beyond reproach, the size is happy. Lucky it is for the collector of these cherished items that they do have an intrinsic value. R.

HIGH SPOTS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By MERLE JOHNSON. New York: Bennett Book Studios. 1929.

IN his preface, Mr. Johnson explains the selection of "high spots" that he has seen fit to include in his present bibliography in these words: "In part it is the classified verdict of the reading public over the years; in part it is the recommendations of persons presumed to qualify as experts in literature; in a small measure it is my own preference. Where the author is of special importance, or has diversified styles, more than one title is given. . . . Finality is far from my mind in this collection; it is a foundation, not a finished structure. Literature is a thing of life, growth, not of settled forms. The collection caters to no school of literary prejudice. It is as if I had the job of going over countless manuscripts in a literary competition. . . . The judges in this case are the men and women of the future whose names we do not know, and whose faces we shall not see. But the fascination of minor prophecy moves me, though I know not whether the years call me false or true." With such a hopeful beginning, it is not unnatural to look forward to a dignified, careful piece of work, distinguished by accuracy and fulness of description from the customary check-list, and authoritative enough to add materially to the study of American bibliography. It is perhaps Mr. Johnson's most serious fault that he has disappointed all these expectations.

"A practical bibliography and brief literary estimate of outstanding American books," the title-page announces. The work itself is divided into three sections: the first lists the "high spots"; the second, titles whose permanence seems debatable; the third is confined to "Notes and Comments." In all these arbitrary groups, Mr. Johnson is entirely within his rights as an author—if he feels that he wishes to comment on Dr. Rosenbach's opinions, or to quote Mr. Harry Hansen's review of Maxwell Bodenheim's "Georgie May," it is his affair; it may, in his estimation, add to the practical quality of the book as a whole. And again, if he feels that the "classified verdict of the reading public" exalts Will Carlton, Clement C. Moore, and Alan Seeger, each with his single poem, into the first class, while poor Edwin Arlington Robinson is deposited merely among the "debatable," and William Vaughan Moody is omitted entirely, it is an evidence of his rôle of minor prophet; it is only startling that Ella Wheeler Wilcox failed to appear somewhere. But as Mr. Johnson has set out to give collectors certain definite information about American first editions—in the words of his publisher, "to stimulate the buying of American first editions by putting into the hands of interested people a safe and sound guide-book, which will make it possible for them to buy certain standard, and modern, items with the assurance that their books are correct first editions, which should normally increase in value"—it is primarily upon the accomplishment of this labor that he must be judged.

To his mind, it is evident that all practical purposes are served by transcribing title-pages accurately, and occasionally giving misprints where any occur in the text—there is no attempt to describe bindings, even when he remarks that he has found three variations; there is nothing about pagination, except in the collation of Irving's "Sketch Book"; there is no solution offered to the problems he is at some pains to mention. As an example of his method, take his description of William McFee's "Casuals of the Sea"—the title-page of the London edition is transcribed, followed by a note stating that the first American edition was printed in England with the Doubleday, Page imprint. Unfortunately, Mr. McFee's present publishers printed on the back wrapper of his latest novel, "Pilgrims of Adversity," a rather careful bibliography of his work, from which it is possible to discover that the first and second English editions, brought out in the same year, are to be distinguished by the presence or absence of the

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dedication on the verso of the title-page, and by the fact that the imprint of Doubleday, Page occurs in place of this dedication in the second edition. A full collation in Mr. Johnson's book would easily have made this clear, and would perhaps have been of more "practical" use than his abbreviations. The collector of "Leaves of Grass" may also feel a certain sense of bewilderment when he encounters this descriptive note: "The printing of 'Leaves of Grass' was by no great publishing house with methods, records, etc. Copies were distributed a few at a time, some with paper wrappers, some bound in cloth. Of the cloth copies, some have certain gilt lines and others do not. It is surmised only that the absence of the gilt meant a saving in cost of those bound up later. Still other copies have advertisements claimed to make them later issues. Care must be taken to observe if these advertisements have been removed in copies purporting to be first." Apparently, almost anything will do. It seems increasingly difficult to convince bibliographers that a book like Mr. Michael Sadleir's "Trollope," in which nothing is omitted, is of infinitely more value and assistance to everyone, simply because of its completeness, than a volume dependent for its usefulness upon the compiler's sense of the relative importance of details.

There remain the "brief literary estimates" spoken of on the title-page. Lacking in dignity, turgid in expression, they form as a group the most unfortunate part of the book. It is impossible to take seriously such comments as "Famous Juveniles of our Victorian Age, before flappers learned to flap" ("Little Women"); "Loathed by all the now grown men whose mothers, influenced by the book, clothed them in plush suits and wide, white collars —but still has a heart-compelling interest in the fortunes of the 'Little Lord'" ("Little Lord Fauntleroy"); "How come, then, the April ads. in some copies, March ads. seen in one copy, and other ads., ranging to October? Did the publishers run out of ads. of the current month and put in earlier ones from stock, or vice versa?" ("Walden.") Critical bibliography presented in such colloquial terms will succeed rather in discouraging the collecting of American writers than in creating a new demand—it is a pity Mr. Johnson could not have made his book more equal to the unusually agreeable form in which it has been published. G. M. T.

Auction Sales Calendar

Sotheby & Company. July 29th. The Louterell Psalter and the Bedford Horae, from the Library at Lulworth Castle, Dorset, the property of the Weld family, and nine illuminated manuscripts, the property of Lt.-Col. Sir George Holford, K.C.V.O. (deceased). This catalogue is an unusually fine piece of work, a superb example of the care and scholarship that is invariably characteristic of the Sotheby lists. The Louterell Psalter is a decorated illuminated manuscript on vellum, consisting of 309 leaves with 14 lines to a page, executed in East Anglia about 1340 for Sir Geoffrey Louterell; for many years it has been on exhibition at the British Museum, and its remarkable illustrations have been used in various books on English medieval life. The Bedford Psalter and Hours were executed for John of Lancaster, Duke of Bedford (the brother of Henry V), between 1414 and 1435; the volume is made up of 238 leaves with 18 lines to a page, and is bound in an early seventeenth-century binding. The Holford manuscripts include: a French manuscript of about 1540 of Saint Paul's Epistles; a Florentine manuscript of Petrarch's "Triomphi," about 1490; and a French "Horae B. V. M. ad usum Romanum cum Calendario," about 1420, with twenty-one miniatures. G. M. T.

THE sale at Sotheby's June 3-7 inclusive emphasized again the extraordinary rise in book-prices that has been characteristic of the present season. A copy of Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," 1859, inscribed "Charles Dickens, To George Eliot with high admiration and regard, December 1859," brought £1,180 ($5,747), while a copy of "The Uncommercial Traveller," 1861, presented by the author to Dudley Costello, with an autograph letter of transmission, sold for £660. The third edition of "Oliver Twist," 1843, inscribed on the title-page of the first volume, "W. C. Macready from his affectionate friend Charles Dickens, Christmas 1841," brought £430. Dickens novels in the original parts were: "Nicholas Nickleby," 1838-39, first issue, £33; "Master Humphrey's Clock," 1840-41, £36; "David Copperfield," 1849-50, £70; and "Bleak House," 1852-53, £29. DeQuincey's "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," 1822, first edition, in original boards, presented by the author to Peter DeWint, the artist, sold for £1,100, and an ordinary copy of the same book, rebound, sold for £82.

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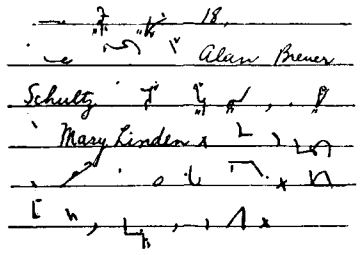

This message will be decoded in next week's issue of the Inner Sanctum.

Of the last nine books published by the *Inner Sanctum*, five have become best-sellers

Wolf Solent
The Mansions of Philosophy
Believe It or Not
Cross Word Puzzle Book, Series 12
The Cradle of the Deep

This discovery was made many weeks ago by one of the wizards in the statistical department, and your correspondents feel like martyrs for not having mentioned it earlier . . . and for their restraint in not swelling the total by such books as *The Art of Thinking*, published last November and still a best-seller . . .

2008 copies in this morning's mail alone, to be exact . . .

But at the moment *The Inner Sanctum* is in an autumnal mood, revelling in the first proofs of the Fall Catalogue.

Peter the Great strides his mammoth strides . . . a psychologist measures man's ascent to the realms of joy . . . Dixie Dugan still shakes a mean scanty, this time with sound . . . the melancholy grandeur of Vienna comes back in the little novels of ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. . . . An author breaks through the frosted glass door of big business to record the saga of a private secretary. . . . Twenty titans of the modern world go into a huddle on the drift of civilization. . . .

This is a brief scenario of a catalogue-writer's Roman Holiday. Further details available from

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

WE are certainly fraying out the end of our tether. We spent the last two Saturdays at Montauk and Amagansett and could hardly be persuaded to return to the great pity—we mean the great city. When you read this—that is, if you read it on Saturday—we shall be taking the Century to Chicago, thence to San Francisco. We shall then completely have frayed out our tether and it will part with a bang. . . .

Then will it matter to us about the Remarqueable sale of "All Quiet," seven hundred thousand German, one hundred eighty-five thousand French, one hundred and seventy thousand American? Add it up for yourself and keep the change. . . .

We think we shall take with us on the train *Ellen Glasgow's* "They Stooped to Folly," even though we have sworn we will not read a darn book on our vacation. Doubleday, Doran, incidentally, have got out a nice little booklet containing three critical sketches concerning Miss Glasgow, one by the late *Stuart P. Sherman*, one by *Sara Haardt*, and one by *Emily Clark*. . . .

The young lady novelists we most enjoy taking out to dinner are *Katharine Brush* and *Eleanor Chase*. We believe in young lady novelists being as pretty as they are. It is a great help to the eyes tired out with reading. It is restful to look at them. Also they can both dance. In fact, they dance much better than we do. And they both appreciate *Jimmy Durante*. . . .

We never take them out together. . . .

Well, we don't see why we shouldn't say a word in appreciation of the younger novelists? . . .

The Morrow News Notes ask us if we are going to California and recommend our reading "Adiós!" by the *Bartletts*. But we are not going to really Southern California. We are going to Saratoga, though the only races there are the native races. . . .

Archibald Henderson has written us from Chapel Hill, North Carolina. On May twentieth, through Mitchell Kennerley, he published his scientific but imaginary symposium in the neo-Socratic manner, "Is Bernard Shaw a Dramatist?" Recently he received a copy from Mr. Shaw with elaborate annotations — which makes the (unique) copy so valuable Mr. Shaw advised Mr. Henderson to sell it, to secure "a dowry for your daughter." . . .

Herr Canby on vacation has—by latest advices from the eastern front—been staying at a swell castle, Finstergrün, Ramingstein, Austria. He went fishing there accompanied by a small boy with a barrel of water to hold his catch. He says, "I got three, two big ones, and so saved what might have been a humiliating situation." But he doesn't tell us what kind of fish. . . .

In the fall Houghton Mifflin are publishing a definitive collection of all of *Sir Walter Raleigh's* surviving poems, edited by *Agnes M. C. Latham*. The volume will also contain an extended introduction and will be amply provided with notes. . . .

We hear that *Norman Douglas* blames on *D. H. Lawrence's* "Lady Chatterley's Lover" his own last book which has had to be published surreptitiously and of which only one copy succeeded in reaching the United States, done up as a specimen for a mining engineer. . . .

Robert Lynd, co-author of "Middletown," declares from New Hampshire that he spends the time swimming and canoeing and that there is neither paper nor typewriter in camp. He has the right idea, he has the right idea, heigho, canario, he has the right idea! . . .

Dodd, Mead have got "War" by *Ludwig Renn*, a translation of the German "Krieg." But, now vacation's in sight, *we* got Fun. . . .

The Crime Club published the first of this month a new *Roughhead* book, "Malice Domestic." He has been called "a complete herald's college of the élite among criminals or crimes." He collects curios of horror. . . .

Lewis Browne, otherwise known as *Mr. Zzyz*, is no longer in the New York Telephone book. His phone has been discontinued, and Mr. Zzyzz has emerged victorious in his place. Mr. Browne is now at Santa Monica, at work on his next book, a novel for Macmillan. . . .

George Soule has done a valuable book for the same firm, "The Useful Art of Economics." He contends that economics is anything but a "dismal" science. Once, years ago,—not that we wish to hurt his reputation,—we knew George to write a poem occasionally. In fact he wrote several. He then lived with *Sinclair Lewis* down on Vannest Place. *Harrison Smith*, the now eminent publisher, lived in the same house. So once did *Michael Williams*, now editor of *The Commonweal*. That house ought to have a coupla tablets on it. . . .

The new D. Van Nostrand catalogue is called "The World of Fact in Books," and has many an interesting item on such matters as modern chemistry, mathematics, the new Universe, and "Man and His World," in twelve volumes, edited by *Baker Brownell*. . . .

Dmitri Merezhkovsky has written a modern dramatic biography in "The Life of Napoleon," which Dutton's will publish in August. It is translated by *Mrs. Catherine Zveingtzon*. And in October, from the same firm, there is coming another book illustrated by that *John Vassos* who did those remarkable illustrations for "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." The text is by *Ruth Vassos*. Here is modernism interpreted through modernistic rhythm both in writing and draughtsmanship. . . .

Annette Broun, of 67 West 44th Street, is now completing preliminaries for a reading guild to be organized this fall. This guild will publish monthly, in condensed form, thirty-five outstanding articles selected from the better current periodicals by a capable board of editors. (Subscription price to members will be three dollars a year.) Each article when condensed will be about half its original length. Presented in a handy, pocket-size volume, these articles will offer a variety of entertainment and information. . . .

Rae D. Henkle of 425 Fourth Avenue is bringing out in October a book by a young Spaniard, of an old Castilian family, *Félipe Alfau*. He is living in New York and is to have two books published here this fall. His "Madrilenos" is quite novel in form, revealing a cross-section of Spanish life and thought in a manner that should stimulate the Northern mind. . . .

Napoleon (see above) seems to be popular this season, by the way. There is *Pierce Clark's* "Napoleon Self-Destroyed," that Cape and Smith are bringing out, with an introduction by *James Harvey Robinson;* the author being one of the most distinguished psychologists in this country; and "Memoirs of Napoleon I Compiled from His Own Writings," by *F. M. Kirchesen*, translated from the German by *Frederick Collins, B.A.*, and published by Duffield. . . .

A manifesto issues from Paris, with the latest number of *transition*, saying, among other things, "the writer expresses. He does not communicate," "time is a tyranny to be abolished," and "the plain reader be damned." Well, readers can't help being plain, when they are plain; and, as somebody-or-other didn't say, "It seems that all the sophomores are not in the colleges." . . .

We like better this little masterpiece from *transition*. It fits in with our present mood. It's darn near eight P. M. and we haven't had anything to eat yet or better. So listen:

FAULA AND FLONA
By Theo Rutra

The lilygushes ring and ting the bilbels in the ivilley. Lilools sart slingslongdang into the clish of sun. The pool dries must. The morrowlei loors in the meaves. The sardinewungs flir flar and meere. A flishflashfling hoohoos and haas. (*Not the Book-of-the-Month-Club.—Ed.*) Long shill the mellohooloolooos. (*Aw, have a heart!—Printer.*) The rangomane clanks jungling flight. The elegoat mickmecks and crools. A rabotick ringrangs the stam. A plutocrass with throat of steel. (*So mad he nearly got articulate.—Elevator Man.*) Then woor of meadowcalif's rout. The hedgeking gloos. And matemaids click fer dartalays.

Gentlemen, the new literature, and see how you like it! And it's a long, long way from Lewiscarroll,—it's a *long* way to go! As for us, we are off to find one of those matemaids and we're going to click fer a coupla dartalays with cracked ice. Also cracked ice for the head, George,—cracked ice for the head!

THE PHOENICIAN.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea, S. W., London, England.

C. L. K., Burlington, Vt., asks for a one-act play to be given by amateurs to a rural audience.

THERE is nothing better for a rural community than an active and flourishing dramatic society, and more talent is available in rural communities north of Boston, especially in comic rôles, than some urban critics would believe. But such enterprises are handicapped because "little theatre plays" are in most cases quite out of their scheme of life, and plays that really do represent the world of a farmer and his family are few indeed. The result is that the local Epworth League continues to put on "hick dramas" of the period of "After Dark," and put up with them because their jokes, though out of date, are still in its own language and out of something approximating its own experience. When, however, one comes upon a good new play based upon rural life at the present day in any part of the United States, it is a genuine find and should be proclaimed. A group of such one-act plays has lately come into print through the energy of Cornell University, which conducted a contest with the coöperation of the N. Y. Department of Farms and Markets and various grange federations and leagues. I do not know which play took the prize, but of the four I have read (French), every one would be suitable for this inquirer. The most amusing and the one showing the most genuine talent for play-writing of the four is "Balanced Diet," by Elizabeth Lay Green, the effort—fortunately successful—to get a farmer whose wife has been taking a Home Nutrition Course to eat a dinner that does not include fried stuff, six starchy foods at one meal, and boiled tea. This is a matter on which many a farmer's wife would like some light, just as the latest cook-book, "Food for Children and How to Cook It," by Flexner and McMeekin (Holt) has a chapter on "How to Induce Them to Eat It," whose very title has sold the book to many a harassed parent. This play is an object lesson in sweet reasonableness applied to dietary improvement, so funny and so letter-perfect in dialect, atmosphere, and human nature, that it is as entertaining as it is useful. I know something about farm life from the inside; it is no rosy existence; but I can assure the cockney that this play with its good humor and good intentions is quite as true to one side of farm life as "Dirt Roads," "Dust," or any other gritty work of gloom is to that side. "Wedding Clothes," by Grace Kiner, is a touching little sketch of preparing for a daughter's marriage at home and then getting a hurried note that she has married and set off at once with her husband for his new job. "That Upper Forty," by Herrick and Hudson, deals with the difficulty in getting a "sot" old man to sell a piece of land to a city feller, and "The Old Timers' Bureau," by J. H. Munson, will get applause from the selectmen, for it maintains that with all the uplift agencies working to keep young folks happy and satisfied, "something's got to be done im-me-di-ate-ly to keep the ol'-timers on the farm." These plays cost thirty cents apiece from Samuel French; amateurs only may produce them without royalty fee.

A. D., Jersey City, N. J., asks for a book a club may use as guide in arranging a program of social conditions of to-day.

"SOCIETY and Its Problems," by Grove Samuel Dow (Crowell), is an introduction to the study of sociology; its text-book arrangement is handy for planning a program, and there is plenty of material for documenting one, with suggestions for further reading at the end of each section. It includes problems of population, social institutions and the family, of social instincts and their control, of pathological conditions, such as poverty, immorality, crime and defectives, and of progress. "The New Morality," by Walter Lippmann (Macmillan), goes to the root of the matter, the new orientation of thought on what we are here for.

R. W. W., New York, asks for a practical book on the psychology of salesmanship.

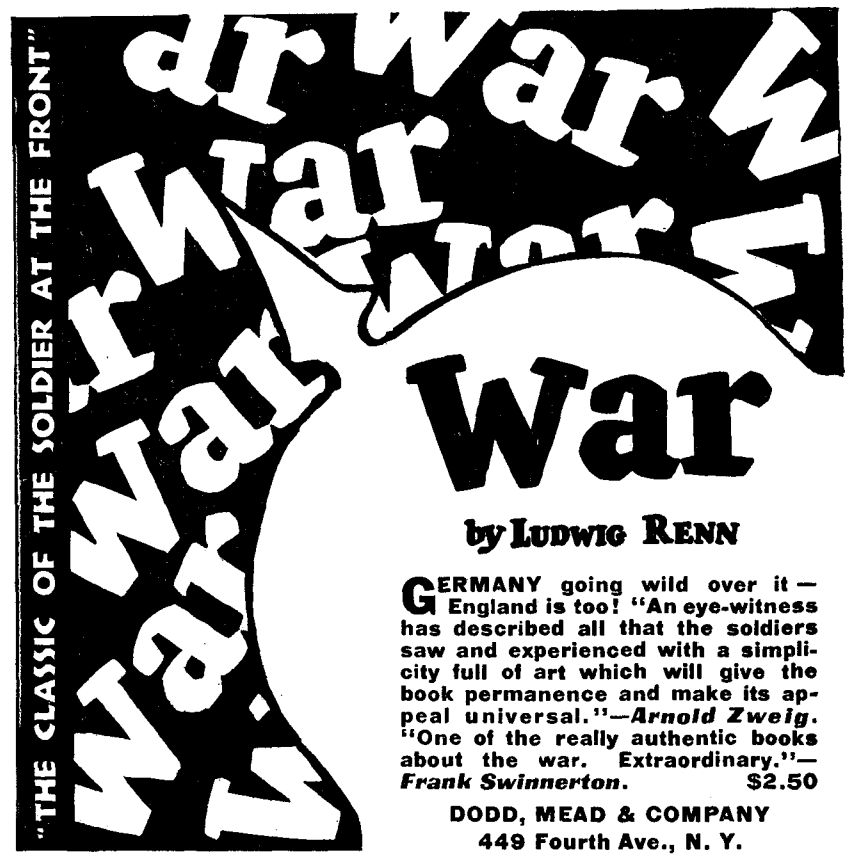
"HOW to Influence Men," by Edgar J. Swift (Scribner), is a new, revised, and enlarged edition of "Business Power Through Psychology"; it is more than all this inquirer asks, for it examines salesmanship, administration, leadership, personnel, and general business efficiency, from the standpoint of modern psychology. Other books that have been tested in use include the large text-book, "Psychology of Selling and Advertising," by E. K. Strong (McGraw); "The Psychology of Persuasion," by W. Macpherson (Dutton), and "Psychology of Salesmanship," by G. R. Eastman (Fenno).

C. S. O., Indianapolis, Ind., asks for books about the Medici, history or fiction.

THE Medici," by G. F. Young (Dutton), traces in two large, illustrated volumes of biographies the fortunes of the family from its beginnings to its fading-out. Yvonne Maguire illuminates for us the careers of some important members of the family in "Women of the Medici" (Dial); of these the most famous is the subject of one of the best historical biographies yet produced in this country, Paul Van Dyke's "Catherine de Médicis" (Scribner). The life of "Cosimo I., Duke of Florence" is told by Cecily Booth in a massive octavo volume imported by Macmillan. "The Golden Age of the Medici, 1434-1494" is reviewed by S. J. Brinton (Small, Maynard), and some "Tragedies of the Medici," recounted by J. E. Staley in a book of that title published by Brentano. This list might lead into "Nicolo Machiavelli the Florentine," by Giuseppe Prezzolini (Brentano), and to the magnificent panorama of Rachel Annand Taylor's "Leonardo the Florentine" (Houghton Mifflin). Most of the novels in which the Medici appear seem to be out of print, but why look for light from fiction when the facts are so fascinating?

SALLY M. AKIN, Macon, Ga., asks where their library (the Washington Memorial) can secure a copy of Hume's "History of England" in large print for a person with weak eyes. Write to the library if you know. *F. L. P., Faribault, Minn.,* says when the inquirer in Berea, Ky., asked for the best edition of the works of Tennyson I should have told him of the edition annotated by the poet and his son Hallam, "which is invaluable; the edition published by the London Macmillan is in nine beautiful volumes, and the American in six. The notes take several hundred pages all told, and are simply invaluable. I have used that word twice; perhaps I should use it once more like the character in 'The Hunting of the Snark.'" Several readers have given me similar advice, because I neglected to put into the original reply that the request was for a one-volume edition. I lately asked for novels about the Berkshires, and *M. W. F., Detroit, Mich.,* tells me of "The Man Who Found Christmas," by Walter Prichard Eaton, in which a man finds the right girl there, and also of Ernest Poole's "With Eastern Eyes" (Macmillan), in which a scientist just from the Russian revolution observes American family life in a prosperous summer colony there, from an eastern viewpoint. If anyone wants a lovely coat of arms, *F. T. V. Mavzer of Barcelona, Spain* (where coats of arms come from) will no doubt provide him with one. He has offered by mail to do so for the Reader's Guide if I will send him my family tree for two generations back, and such details as "notable events, pastimes, and special talent in wich your forefathers dilighted, together with a cheque." He is most obliging: all the details must be written clearly, he says, "though those of your forefathers are not of the utmost importance in this case." He is quite right they are not; being for the most part New England farmers they had no pastimes—unless you call snagging boulders out of the meadow on rainy days a way of passing the idle moment.

In his new novel, "L'École des Femmes" (Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française), André Gide, says the London *Times Literary Supplement*, "fulfils all the conditions of a modern masterpiece." The story depicts the progression of a young girl's feelings from hero worship and the happiness of young love through a critical awareness to hate and aversion. The heroine is a pure idealist, with all the intolerance of which the idealist is capable, and an inflexibility of principle that will yield nothing to compassion.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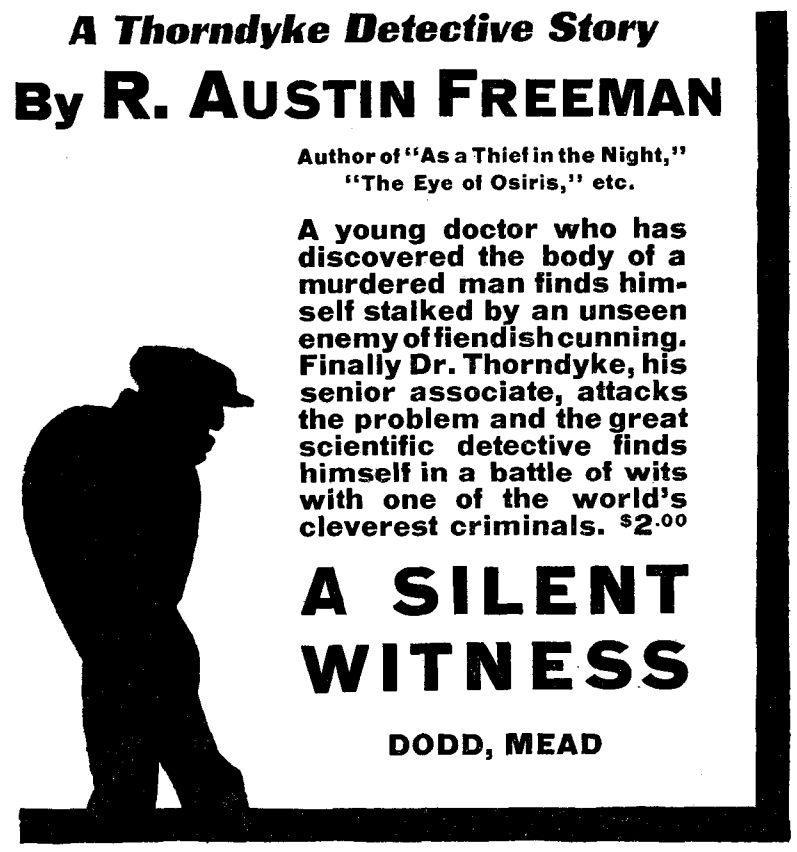
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DR. POTTER was a Sunday-School teacher at fourteen, a licensed preacher at seventeen, eleven years a Baptist minister, and eleven more a Unitarian. He became a famous foeman of Fundamentalism as opponent in debate to JOHN ROACH STRATON, and at the Scopes trial in Dayton. His liberal thought and ironic viewpoint run like a bright thread through his book, *The Inner Sanctum's* latest "adventure for the mind"—well named.

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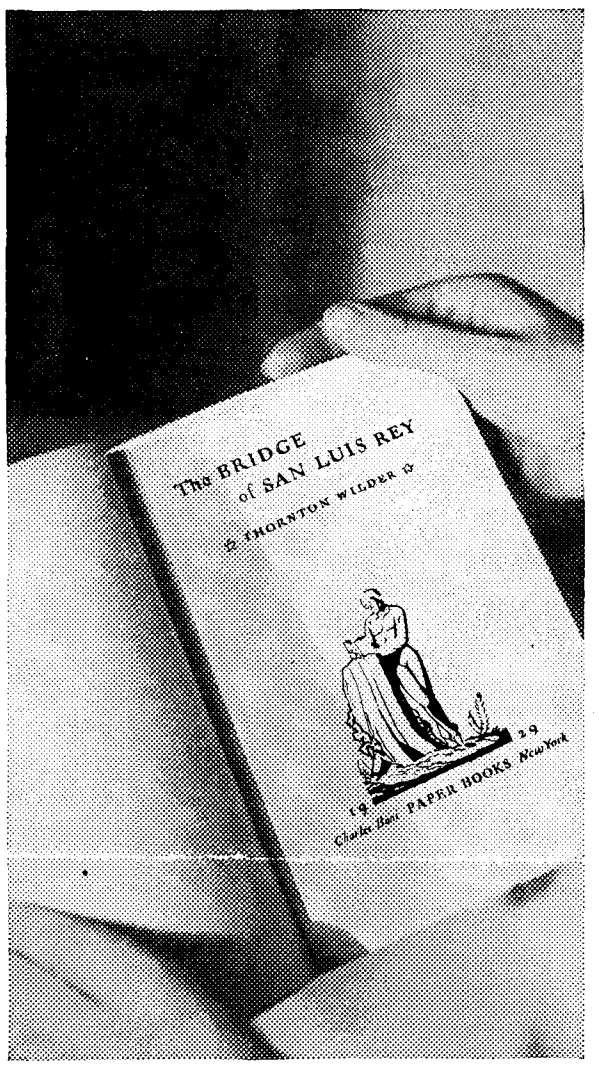

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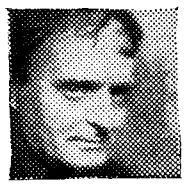
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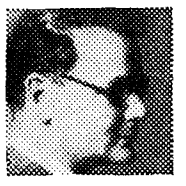
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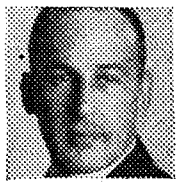
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